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TROOP L RECRUITED TO WAR FOOTING OF 105

Local Cavalry Mobilized at Armory Until August 5th.

TO CAMP AT AUGUSTA

With Other Pennsylvania Troops to Locate at Georgia Pending Further Orders—Mustered into Federal Service Monday.

The mobilization of Troop L, of Bellefonte, took place in the armory on Sunday morning according to orders from the federal government. The first official duty performed was the calling of the roll by Captain H. Laird Curtin. There were ninety young soldiers answered the call. It was found necessary to do a little more recruiting in order to bring the Troop up to its required strength of 105. Following the roll call Captain Curtin explained the rules which were to govern the soldier boys and what was expected of them while under mobilization. It was stated that the men who lived in Bellefonte and vicinity may eat and sleep at their own homes. Cots would be provided in the armory for those who lived out of town and were unable to get home. Besides this the government would give each man seventy-five cents a day to provide for meals which could either be taken at the hotels or restaurants.

Each man will be required to wear his uniform at all times, clothing being furnished those lacking uniforms as rapidly as possible. The wearing apparel must be kept in a clean and immaculate condition, in fact all soldiers must appear neat and tidy and when upon the streets must maintain an erect attitude and soldierly bearing. The men were also cautioned regarding the use of intoxicating beverages and no member will be permitted to leave the armory except on authorization of the commanding officer in charge. In another part of the armory Dr. S. M. Huff, of Bellefonte, and his lieutenants were kept busy recruiting men for the hospital corps. The medical examiner was Capt. Ed. Kennedy of the 59th United States Infantry, Philadelphia.

Since the mobilization there has been much activity about the armory and there is a warlike atmosphere in that section of the town. Monday and part of Tuesday was devoted in recruiting the troop to its full quota. Tuesday afternoon about 3 o'clock the mustering roll was completed. Shortly afterward the mustering officer, Captain Hurley Bullock of the 50th United States Infantry, who recently came from the Mexican border, performed his duty by mustering them into the federal service. Only three of the applicants were turned down. When everything was completed there were 105 stalwart young men standing on the floor of the armory who were willing, if necessary, to give their last drop of blood in defense of their homes and country. The majority of them are from Bellefonte and Centre County but there are a few from Altoona and other places who filled up the gap. The tallest man in the Company is Harry Dunlap, better known as "Deppy" Dunlap, of Bellefonte, who is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. The smallest in statue is Homer Decker who is 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 134 pounds Following the instructions the older members of the Troop are required to sign new enlistment papers that all might appear on new and improved forms of uniform type and each man was required to sign a designation card under which the person designated may draw six months pay of the soldier if anything happens to the latter. Each member will be entitled to an allowance of $43 45 for clothing. In case this amount is not used the soldier is to be paid the difference in cash. It is understood that the pay of the soldier will be increased 20 per cent when he reaches French soil. Settlement to be made every six months. The soldiers may not leave Bellefonte until August 1st or 5th.

It was the purpose of the citizens to get up a demonstration when the boys left but a suggestion has been made that the President of the United States has requested that the troops be moved as quietly as possible and for that reason there is a possibility that there will be no public demonstration but friends and relatives can give the soldiers good-bye and God-speed at the train. The following is the roster:

Captain, H Laird Curtin
First Lieutenant, E R Taylor
Second Lieutenant, C L Smith
First Sergeant, Harry W Schreffler
Second Sergeant, W Fred Reynolds Jr
Third Sergeant, Fred I C Yeager
Corporals, Luther H Crissman Wilbur R Decker Joseph L Howard Claude M Johnston, Herbert H Miller J T Storch
Bugler, Frank Crissman
Cook, Thomas E Kelley
Horseshoer, Sherman Lowrie
First class privates, Henry M Miller, Alfred Owens, Wray Reed Gerald Robison, Lloyd T Shawley
Privates
William Alkey
Carey C Alexander
Edward Brooks
William L Breon
James C Campbell
Frank H Cox
Russel D Confer
Charles F Doll
Peter Delal
Carlisle DeVine
Hugh C Daley
Alonze W Gummo
Lingle T Gummo
Charles E Gates
George M Gamble
Robert T Garman
George H Gilliland
John W Garris
Joseph S Hull
Hughey Hanley
George Howard
David M Hendershot
Paul Haag
Frederick L Johnstonbaugh
Henry Keller Jr
Orian E Kline
Harry Kelley
Charles E Kuhn
Howard L Lannan
William D Lucas
Harry S Lee
William C Lyons
Guy A Lyons
William O Lambert
Lee Lyons
William L Musser
Fred Mulfinger
William L McClure Jr
George A Norris
John C Notor
Harry W Nighthart
Gilbert Nolan
Thomas G Norris
Gideon Payne
John G Poorman,
William K Rote
Frederick A Roush
Calvin R Rice
Samuel D Rhinesmith
William H Royer
Clarence A Rothrock
Walter Switzer
Walter M Smith
Samuel M Smith
Harry E Sager
John T Saylor
Charles M Scott
John L Steele
Miles K Stover
George T Tate
Earl E Teaman
Robert Willard
John F Woods
Russel W Whiteman
Charles T Whitmeyer
James C Young
Raymond J Bryan
George Stewart
George D Riggin
Martin Deffley
Ellis O Keller
Harry C Scott
David Winehouse
Wilfred T Weakland
James Deffley
Joseph Beezer
Bruce L Robb
Wilbur R Rush
Mayrus E Schreffler
Clayton L Corl
Harry E Dunlap
Victor I Dawson
Clair J Deitrich
Frank Hull

HOSPITAL CORPS

The following are the names of those who were mustered into the Hospital Corps, 1st Penna. Infantry:
Major, Dr. S M Huff
Sergeant, D C Cochrane
Privates—Altoona
Elwood L Brady
Grover C Brunton
Daniel R Clemson
Fred G Clemson
William W Dayton
Vincent O Farrell
Willard A Holt
Roy R Jones
Irvin R Lytle
Bellefonte
John J Landis
Earl C Lambert
Mahlon L Miles
William H Mitterling
Claude H McCullough
Clarence E Peters
Robert Robinson
Russell H Smith
Wayne D Stitzinger
Chester B Tindle
George Z Thomas
Robert Valentine
George C Warner
John R Zeek
New Castle, Pa
Sergeant, Paul A Welsh
James D McMaiter
William D Hald
William C Whieldon
Bristol, Pa
Marburg D Weagley
Mulford D Callahan
James F Turne

An Auto Accident.

Sunday Miss Mary Woomer, of Philipsburg went over to Clearfield to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feister. The latter had just purchased a new Overland car and during the day invited Miss Woomer to take a ride. Mr. Feister was not familiar with the machine and on nearing the Court House he became confused and ran the machine into a telephone pole. Miss Woomer was thrown out through the windshield and her jaw bone broken. The other occupants of the car escaped with slight injuries. Miss Woomer was taken to the hospital where she is getting along nicely.

READY TO MAKE DRAFT TOMORROW AT CAPITOL

Final Plans for Drawing of Numbers at Washington.

TO TELEGRAPH RESULT

Each Number Drawn Drafts Every Man of that Number Throughout United States—Ceremony May Not Take More than Hour or Two.

Advices from Washington today are that the drafting of men registered on June 5th will be made in that city tomorrow. The date has not been definitely settled, however.

The drawing will take place in the presence of the Senate and House military committees at the Capitol. It is expected that the entire draft will be made in an hour or two. This will be possible since each number drawn will draft into service every man of that number throughout the United States. The numbers drawn will be telegraphed immediately to the respective districts and then for the first time it will become known just who have been drafted.

A Painful Accident.

Saturday morning, about 7 o'clock, G. G. Wertz, of Lewisburg, met with an accident that came near costing him his life. He is a brakeman on the local freight that leaves Bellefonte each morning for Sunbury over the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad. Just before the train left Bellefonte Mr. Wertz went across to Keichline's store to purchase a cigar. After receiving it he noticed the train pulling out and in a hurry he ran and jumped on. He then started to climb to the top of a box car when he was caught by the roof of the station which extends out within a few feet of the track. The result was he was thrown off the car onto the brick pavement with such force as to break his hip bone and two ribs. He also suffered from a deep gash in his head. Dr. David Dale, the railroad physician, was called and took the injured man to the Bellefonte hospital. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

Struck by a Train.

John Smith, of South Philipsburg, came to the end of life in a very distressing manner on Saturday night, when he was struck by the 10.30 northbound P. R. R. passenger train and presumably instantly killed. The accident occurred at a point nearly opposite Hummel's livery stable. It is thought he had sat down on the ties and fallen asleep, and was struck without the knowledge of the trainmen or anyone else until his badly mangled body was found shortly after 5 o'clock Sunday morning by George Bashford, of South Philipsburg, who was passing that way.

The deceased, who was aged about 36 years, was a son of Mrs. Lucinda and the late Isaac Smith. The unfortunate man made his home with his mother. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon.

Yeager and the Automobile.

Fred Yeager, of Bellefonte, was saved from a probable injury late Monday evening by being an athlete. He is a member of Troop L, and is located at the armory. He started from there to go to the fair grounds which is being used as a drilling place. While going around the corner at the Rhoads' residence the Ford runabout skidded, and instead of going over the steep embankment the car sort of buckled up and turned over. Mr. Yeager jumped just in time to prevent him from being a patient in the hospital. The car which belongs to Capt. H. Laird Curtin was pretty badly done up. The wind shield was broken and the fenders and front of the car damaged. It was taken to the garage for repair.

Spillane—Murphy.

Last Sunday Miss Kathryn Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Murphy, of Bellefonte, was married to Harold M. Spillane, of Sommerville, Mass. The wedding, however, took place in Boston, Mass. They are now cosily located at No. 84 Sicamore street, Winter Hill, Sommerville. The bride is a most excellent young lady and has quite a large acquaintance in Bellefonte, who will wish her the usual good fortune that is accorded to those who take this step in life. The groom was formerly a lineman for the Western Union Telegraph Co., but since the war has been given a government position. He is a very industrious young man and will make a good husband.

Advertise in "The Republican"

PAVE SO. WATER STREET ORDER OF DEPARTMENT

Formal Announcement by State Highway Commissioner.

BEGIN WORK IN AUGUST

Expected that Paving from Borough Line to Pleasant Gap will be Authorized in Next Few Weeks—To Rush Work to Completion.

Formal authorization was given Tuesday by the State Highway Department, at Harrisburg, for the paving of South Water Street from High Street to the borough line, a distance of 2454 feet. The paving will be of vitirfied brick.

If the contracts submitted in response to the official advertisement for bids do not exceed the amount set aside for the purpose the work will be given out about the middle of August. It is the intention of Highway Superintendent Meyers to rush the work through to an early completion.

While no official announcement has been made thus far, it is believed that the proposed paving from the borough line to Pleasant Gap will be authorized probably within the next week or so. If this calculation proves to be correct the work of paving could be gotten under way along about September 1st.

Sociable for Troop Benefit.

Saturday evening, July 21st, Troop L will hold a big sociable on the New High School commons to which everybody in Centre County is not only cordially invited but strongly urged to attend. The Boys Band of Milesburg and probably the Coleville band will furnish the music during the evening. There will also be dancing in the armory, fancy riding by members of Troop L and other military stunts. The two Mexican burros will be on hand for the children to ride. The aim will be to raise money for the Troop mess fund, which is a most worthy object. On the mess depends largely the general health of the members of the Troop. Present indications are that Troop L will be handicapped somewhat in the matter of experienced cooks, and this fact accentuates the importance of the boys having an adequate mess fund. Let everybody turn out Saturday evening and give the mess fund a liberal boost. The boys will appreciate it when they go to the front.

TRUCK FUND CONTRIBUTIONS.

Harry C. Valentine, chairman of the committee raising funds for the purchase of an automobile truck for Troop L, reports recent contributions as follows: Bellefonte Lodge of Elks, $50; Logan Hose Company, of Bellefonte, $10; A. B. Cromer, Toronto, Canada, $5; Mrs. C. S. Hazel, Pleasant Gap, $1. The committee still needs a small amount to finish up in paying the full sum required for the truck and hope to receive additional contributions at the earliest moment possible. A Ford truck has been ordered and it is hoped to have it in Bellefonte before Troop L goes to the front.

Installation of P. O. S. of A. Officers.

Last Friday evening the installation of officers of Washington Camp, No. 887, P. O. S. of A., of Bellefonte, took place in the Gregg Post Grand Army rooms. There were about two hundred members present to witness the interesting ceremony. The installing officer was W D. Custard, of State College, the district president, who is deeply interested in the order and who always makes such services of a pleasing character. The installed officers are as follows: President, Edward L. Gates; vice president, Clement Dale; master of forms, Harry Johnston; conductor, Albert Knisely; inspector, Elmer Bartley; guard, Frank Peters; chaplain, Emanuel Noll; sentinels, F. W. Minnemyer and C. M. Ray; trustee, Darius Waite M. R. Johnston is the past president. The above officers are all good men and will do their part in keeping the order up to the required standard. Following the installation refreshments were served.

Slipped Away and Quietly Married.

Guy Lyon, a plumber for Archibald Allison, who is also a member of Troop L, and Miss Della Miller, daughter of Mrs. Louis Miller, of Bellefonte, quietly slipped away to Virginia the other week and were joined in happy wedlock. They returned keeping the event a secret for a few days but it leaked out and they are now receiving congratulations and best wishes from their hosts of friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lyon are highly respected young people in this community and it is hoped that the groom will be permitted to return to Bellefonte after the war and enjoy the comfort that is derived from having his own home.

ENROUTE TO RUSSIA

David Etters Sails with Pittsburgh Engineers for Foreign Service.

County Superintendent of schools D. O. Etters recently had a most novel and interesting experience and one that unexpectedly enabled him to say good-bye to his son, David, Jr., as the latter was on his way to some point along the Atlantic Coast to sail for Russia. David, Jr., has been located in Pittsburgh and some time ago enlisted in the engineering service for railroad construction work abroad. For several weeks no word had been received at home from him and his parents assumed that probably the troops with which he was alligned might be on their way to some foreign port. Prof. Etters happened to be spending a day in Altoona with another son, Paul, and securing a permit was engaged in looking about the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at that place. They were wandering about viewing matters of interest when they observed a long military train steam into the yard.

Inquiry revealed that the men on board comprised the engineers from Pittsburgh and Prof. Etters hustled about in the hope of finding his son, David, Jr. The latter was found and the father and son had the good fortune to chat for a few minutes. Before long, however, a guard loomed up and Prof. Etters was advised to leave, which he promptly did.

David and the others on the train had no information as to their destination, but their heavy, warm clothing suggested that they probably were enroute to Russia to aid in reconstructing that country's inadequate railroad service. For ten days or more before the men departed from Pittsburgh they had not been allowed to send out mail of any character, which explained why no word had been received at the Etters home at State College from David on the eve of his departure.

Found Money in Creek.

Several days ago Virginia, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kern, was playing near the creek on North Water street, a short distance from her father's laundry. She observed what she thought was a one dollar bill floating down the creek and running into the laundry told her father. Mr. Kern supposed the child was mistaken but to humor her walked across the street to the creek and locating the bill fished it out. It proved to be not a $1 bill but a $10 bill and Virginia was correspondingly happy. A few minutes later Mitch Cunningham, who has his offices at the Beezer garage, happened along and mentioned that he had lost a $10 bill on of his bank book. The money was returned to him and Virginia's drooping spirits were quickly revived when Mr. Cunningham rewarded her with a crisp $ bill.

Engagement Announcement.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Coxey, of Bellefonte, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret, to Leif Olsen, one of the managers of the Abramsen Engineering Co. Miss Coxey is one of Bellefonte's pleasant and affable young ladies who has hosts of friends who will be glad to know of the pleasing event. Mr. Olsen is a prosperous young business man who came to Bellefonte from Pittsburgh about a year ago and placed the machine shops in a condition that work entrusted to the firm could be gotten out with quickness and dispatch. He is a machinist of more than ordinary ability and is highly respected by those who come in touch with him. The wedding will not take place until some time later.

Notice to Farmers.

The Centre County Public Safety Committee has received a warning from the Food Supply Department of the State Committee against the destruction of food supplies by incendiarism or fires of accidental origin.

Attention is called to numerous fires at various points throughout the country which have resulted in the destruction of grain elevators and other food storage establishments. Some of these fires are believed to have been of incendiary origin. The harvesting of crops will, in a short time, fill the granaries to overflowing and the need of unusual vigilance is apparent to prevent large losses through either accident or attempts at arson.

First to File Petition.

Jacob T. McCool, of Gregg Township, is the first to file a petition in Centre County for nomination for office at the primaries on September 19th. Mr. McCool has filed for nomination for a six years term as school director. Petitions could not be circulated prior to July 13th. The last day for filing petitions for district offices will be August 22d.

UNKNOWN BOY KILLED NEAR HANNAH FURNACE

In Dying Moments Youth Gave His Name as Lohr or Laird.

HIT BY FREIGHT TRAIN

Railroad Officials Unable to Definitely Establish Identity or Home Address—Died While Being Lifted from Ambulance.

A 15 years old boy who gave his name as Wallace Lohr, or Laird, and his home address as Philipsburg or Pittsburgh, was struck by a freight train one mile west of Hannah station Wednesday morning and so badly injured that he died while being removed to the Altoona hospital.

Details of the sad accident are rather meagre. From what may be learned the boy sat down on the rail and either was asleep or did not try to get out of the way when the freight happened along. His injuries were of such a grave character that he was hurried to Tyrone. There he was given emergency attention and then removed to Altoona. He died as he was being lifted out of the hospital ambulance. In his last few minutes he mumbled that his name was Lohr or Laird and his home was at Philipsburg or Pittsburgh. Inquiry at Philipsburg by the railroad officials revealed nothing to establish the young man's identity. The presumption is that his home is at Pittsburgh or possibly Philipsburg, N. J.

The Local Red Cross Work.

The work room of the local Red Cross, in Petriken Hall, is open every afternoon from 2 until 4 o'clock and on Friday morning from 9 until 11 o'clock. Miss Mary Blanchard has charge of the work room. Mrs. Blanche Schloss looks after the gauze department and Mrs. M. Valentine the muslin department. Up until the present time much difficulty has been experienced in securing material to keep the workers employed. However, material has just been received, and with what is on hand, will be sufficient to enable all Red Cross members to assist in filling the first box of surgical dressing which will be sent to headquarters in the near future. An earnest request is hereby made that all members fall in line and help accomplish this object.

Mrs. Victor Le Coq, of Harrisburg, a graduate instructor of Red Cross Surgical Dressing, conducted a series of lessons in Bellefonte last week. Ten members from Bellefonte, one from Pleasant Gap and one from Milesburg, attended these lessons. After a strenuous examination these women were pronounced capable of acting as instructors in the different work rooms. The Red Cross regulation uniform consisting of a cap and apron is worn in the work room.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

Howard J. Lannen, Susie A. B. McDonald,	Bellefonte Martha
James A. Gummo, Augusta V. Koch,	Wall, Pa Yarnell
W. H. McAfee, Bess E. Peters,	Stormstown Filmore
John Koshko, Mary Sholtis,	Clarence "

Want Teachers Exempted.

Resolutions urging the government to consider the advisability of exempting from the military draft all teachers who cannot be replaced were adopted by leading educators of Pennsylvania at a war time conference at State College on Friday.

A Mysterious Blaze.

A despatch from Trondhjem, Norway, says that a mysterious fire has occurred there in a storage warehouse containing goods ready for shipment to Great Britain. The damage is estimated at many millions of crowns.

Teachers' Salaries Increased.

At a recent meeting of the Bellefonte School Board the salaries of grade teachers were increased $5 per month.

There will be a meeting of guarantors and ticket sellers of Bellefonte Chautauqua at the Y. M. C. A. at 7 p. m. Monday evening July 23. It is very important for every member to be present to discuss ways of meeting the required guarantee.

Miss Margaret Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, is entertaining Miss Newkirk, of Philadelphia, a Wellesley College friend.

TOUR OF BUSINESS MEN

Arrive in Bellefonte from Watsontown on Friday.

The Business Men's Association of Watsontown, to the number of fifty-seven enterprising merchants and business men of Watsontown, Northumberland county, made their annual tour Friday. They were traveling in autos and their route was by the way of Lewisburg, Millheim, Centre Hall, Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Williamsport and home. Their scheduled time in Bellefonte was 12 o'clock, noon, but on account of an accident they were somewhat delayed. While coming around the sharp curve near Axe Mann the pilot car, driven by D. F, Wagner, with Charles Wagner, W. F. Shaw, Henry Cooner and William Cooner as the other occupants, skidded on the slag on the road and after cutting a zig-zag movement for a short distance, and tearing down about six yards of fence the car turned over, throwing the occupants out. The car back of it jammed into it a little but fortunately nobody was injured. Mayor Blanchard and Paul Sheffer were delegated as a committee to meet the visitors outside the borough line and escort them to the Brockerhoff House where they partook of an appetizing dinner, prepared especially for the occasion.

They were given a cordial welcome by Burgess Blanchard which was followed by a timely response by W. F. Shay, Esq., an attorney, who has the cardinal points of booming a town down fine. Watsontown has about 2500 population and is the Mecca for both building and fire brick. It also has a shoe factory, silk mill and other industries. The plan of the Business Men's Association is to let the public know that Watsontown is on the map and the residents of the place are wideawake to the best interests of the town. George Shannon, Burgess of the town, also made a speech appropriate to the occasion. Following the dinner the gentlemen started out to take a ramble through the town, the attraction being the big spring and the trout in the stream. They are all good, genial gentlemen and we were glad to have them with us.

In conclusion our friends from Watsontown has the true spirit of progress and we trust that some of their vim and activity have been inoculated into the system of our local business men.

Garden Thief in Clearfield.

Judge Singleton Bell, of Clearfield, was a few minutes late at a Red Cross meeting the other evening and excused himself by saying :

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for being late, but I couldn't help it. Just as I was starting, my daughter said there was a lady on the telephone who would not talk to her but wanted the Judge personally. I took the telephone and the conversation ran this way :

" 'Is this Judge Bell ?'

" 'Yes, madam. What can I do for you ?'

" 'Well, Judge, you know how you have been urging everybody to make gardens. Well, I made one and right away a neighbor turned her chickens loose, and they scratched it all up, and now some one entered another lot I had in tomatoes and pulled up sixty stalks of promising tomatoes and threw them on the steps of my neighbor. Now, what am I going to do? '

" 'Catch the chickens and pen them up,' I replied.

" 'Well, that's easy enough, but this woman is a malicious thing and she might have me arrested. Now, if she does that, what are you going to do ?'

" 'Madam,' I replied quite seriously, 'if she has you arrested and you are brought to trial, I'll direct a verdict of acquittal, and if you can find the man who pulled up these tomato plants and can get him before me, I will send him to jail for three months."

The August American Magazine.

An August magazine is usually devoted to fiction, but the articles in the August American Magazine are fully up to the standard set in the other months. Thomas E. Wilson, the Chicago packer, tells how he picks and handles men; ack Lait writes about how he feels at thirty-five; B. C. Forbes contributes an article on the effect of war on business in England and the United States; Jane Cowl has something to say about the handicap of besuty in the theatre, and Grantland Rice sings of "Sunny Tennessee" in verse.

The fiction is at a high mark because it includes stories by such writers as William Dudley Pelly, H. C. Witwer, Ellis Parker Butler, Marjorie Benton Cooke, David Grayson. The Interesting People, Family Money, and "Sid Says" are filled with useful and entertaining hints, and the results of the contest "What I Would Sacrifice for My Country" are also published.

They Want to Get the Kaiser.

The following Millheim boys will help Uncle Sam get the Kaiser: Joe Hoffman, ensign U. S. navy; Gervis Stover, corporal U. S. marines; Bryan Edmunds, corporal U. S. signal corps; Orvis Knarr, corporal, Boal Troop; Jay Winegardner, private 17th U. S. cavalry, and Roy Zimmerman, private 8th Ohio infantry.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

NOTICE TO MEN

Secretary of War Establishes a New Minimum of Weight.

Secretary of War Baker has established a new minimum height and weight requirement for applicants for enlistment in the Army. It is now 61 inches and 110 pounds, height and weight respectively. Capt. W. O. Bowman, in charge of this recruiting district, expects thousands of patriots, kept out of the army because they were either a few pounds under weight or a few inches under height, will now apply for service with the colors.

Volunteer! Thousands are needed now for vacancies in the infantry and hospital corps. There are also about a thousand vacancies in the Signal Corps for cable, telegraph and radio operators; wiremen; electricians; machinists; photographers and men familiar with construction and maintenance of telephone systems. 1700 bakers and 500 cooks are needed at once for the Quartermaster Department. Men willing to be trained as bakers and cooks will be given expert instruction in special schools established for this purpose. The pay for bakers and cooks is $38 per month, including lodging, board, clothing and medical attention; the pay starts from the moment of enlistment.

Every man between the age of 18 and 40 is eligible for voluntary enlistment in the U. S. Army and those who volunteer may choose the branch of service in which they desire to serve. Once a man's name has been drawn from the list of those registered on June 5 he will not be allowed to volunteer and consequently may not be able to choose his desired branch of the Army.

Several branches of the Army are already filled up and those wishing to volunteer to serve with the colors should not delay applying for enlistment at the nearest recruiting station. Recruiting stations are located in Scranton, Wilkes Barre, Erie, Williamsport, South Bethlehem, Shamokin, Sayre, DuBois, Hazleton, and Mauch Chunk.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Bellefonte Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.
Must be proved to be as represented.
The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.
But the endorsement of friends is.
Now supposing you had a bad back,
A lame, weak, or aching one,
Would you experiment on it ?
You will read of many so-called cures.
Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.
It's different when the endorsement comes from home.
Easy to prove local testimony.
Read this Bellefonte case :

Wm. McClellan, 224 E. Lamb St., says : "I suffered for a long time from pains and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills I decided to try them. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint is to take Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. McClellan. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

State Opens September 12th.

Headed by Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of public instruction, more than a hundred public school superintendents and supervisors gathered at State College recently for two-day conference to consider the schools and their relation to the war situation.

Dr. Schaeffer has declared that the war should not be allowed to interfere with educational activities in this State. At the opening session President Sparks, the college executive, emphasized the point that schools must be kept open.

He said that State College purposes to follow the slogan, "business as usual," and announced that the regular college term would open September 12th.

"Education must go on; it must be continued in spite of the war," said Dr. Sparks.

Edward H. R. Green Married.

Edward H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, who was married to Miss Mabel E. Harlow, of Highland Park, a suburb, of Chicago, at Trinity Episcopal church on Tuesday, have known each other for 15 years.

Col. Green gave his bride a wedding gift of $625,000; $500,000 was in the form of a check and the remainder in Liberty bonds. The bride is said to be wealthy in her own right.

Lewistown Pastor Going to France.

The Rev. Reid S. Dickson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Lewistown, has been given an indefinite leave of absence to join the Y. M. C. A. unit in France. The Presbyterian manse wil be held vacant for Mrs. Dickson and children.

For baby's croup, Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mamma's sore throat, Grandma's lameness.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—the household remedy. 25c and 50c.

PROPER ADDRESS

Government has Established Rules for War Correspondence.

The United States government has established definite rules for the sending of letters to American Troops in France. As one knows not when some son or friend may be there, it would be well to keep the information in mind. A U. S. mail agency has been established, at Bordeaux, France and all letters should be addressed in the following form :—

"John Doe, Co.——, ——Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces."

The blank spaces are to be filled in with the letter of the Company and the number of the regiment, but in no instance is the headquarters of the Company or Regiment to be mentioned. The envelope, also, must bear the name and address of the sender. Two cents is the rate, no matter whether the soldier is in Europe, the Philippines or in Jerusalem, and finally to comply with European censorship, all letters must be written in English or French and to insure delivery should be intelligible to the censors.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Howard Foust, et al, to Jas. T. Foust, tract in Gregg Twn.; $176.

Edward M. Brown to Margaret Brown, tract in Millheim Boro.; $1.

Sallie G. Rine, et bar, to American Lime & Stone Co., tract in Spring Twp.; $300.

William F. Smith, et al, to Emma Kling, tract in Marion Twp.; $600.

J. F. Watson, et al, to B. F. Peters, tract in Boggs Twp.; $450.

John Kachic, et al, to Andrew Dance, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $495.

Anna Noll, et bar, to Pennsylvania R. R. Co., tract in Boggs Twp.; $150.

Mary A. Smith to J. Elmer Miller, tract in Madisonburg; $850.

Walker Shutt to Della Isenburg, tract in Harris Twp.; $450.

Milton Stiffler, et al, to Elmer A. Harshberger, tract in Gregg Twp.; $1000.

Geo. B. Simler, Admr, to C. A. Culp, tract in Philipsburg; $2108.33.

Edward M. Lucas to Metta I. Miles, tract in Union Twp.; $8000.

Thomas Cameron McGarvey Dead.

Last week the sad news of the death of Thomas Cameron McGarvey arrived in Bellefonte too late for publication. His demise took place at an early hour last Thursday morning in the Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh. The young man served in the Spanish-American war and while in the Philippines contracted malaria or a similar disease from which he never recovered. Seeing he was growing gradually weaker it was decided several weeks ago to take him to the Mercy hospital, where it became necessary to perform an operation which proved fatal. He was an artist of considerable natural ability and with good health would have made wonderful progress along that line. He was of a genial disposition and had many warm friends. The deceased was the son of John W. and Ellen McGarvey and was born in Bellefonte 33 years ago. He was unmarried but is survived by his mother and the following brothers and sisters: Edward of Beaver Falls; Blanch, Mary, Paul and James M., all of Bellefonte. The remains were brought to Bellefonte Thursday evening and taken to the McGarvey home on Bishop street. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Death of T. R. McMullen.

Thomas Robert McMullen, of Tyrone, passed away on Friday morning at 9.06 o'clock in the Harrisburg hospital after six months' illness from a complication of diseases. Mr. McMullen submitted to an operation in the hospital about the middle of January and his condition gradually grew worse until the end on Friday. Mr. McMullen was born in Boggs township, Centre county, February 3rd, 1854. The past twenty years he had resided in Tyrone. The past eighteen years he had been a member of the United Brethren church and lived according to the teaching of that faith. He is survived by his wife and the following children : Lydia, Robert, Nancy, Emma, Charles, John, Thomas, Elizabeth and Frank. He is also survived by one brother, James McMullen and Mrs. Lucy Stanley, of Milesburg. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by Rev. E. G. Sawyer, of the First United Brethren church. Interment in Grandview cemetery.

Dr. Locke's Appointment.

Governor Brumbaugh on Wednesday night, July 11, announced the names of thirty men named to take the places of men who had resigned as members of the conscription boards. Among the changes in this section of the state are as follows:

Centre county—Dr J. M. Locke, of Bellefonte, instead of Dr. Charles E. McGirk, of Philipsburg.

Clearfield county, No. 3—Amos Rumberger, Houtzdale, instead of George Good, Osceola.

Mrs. James C. Davis and young son, James Jr., of Tyrone, were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity, on south Spring street.

MINTING OUR DIMES.

The Way the Silver Coins Are Made, Counted and Packed.

The process of dime making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine, which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters.

The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of 100 per minute, 48,000 dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours.

As the smooth pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type. At the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree, and the small corrugations are cut into its rim.

The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and it is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine by any means, as one might suppose. It is a simple copper colored tray, having raised ridges, running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime.

From the receiver the money is dumped on the board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1,250 silver dimes, or $125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE GLORY OF CORN.

Our Crop the Biggest and Best of Any Kind Grown In Any Land.

"No nation can starve," writes our secretary of agriculture, "which raises in a year 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn."

Not only not starve, but it can live without wheat, live well and grow fat. Who says eating corn is a hardship?

Corn comes to your table in twenty different uniforms and every one of them a perfect fit.

American corn is the biggest and best crop of any kind grown in any country of the world.

Search the earth around and you will find no other product of the field so beautiful as corn in midsummer, standing in long, straight rows like soldiers, with green banners streaming. In autumn these rows turn to myriads of tents, which fill with their yellow ears 10,000 cribs with food too good for any king.

Corn alone saved John Smith's colony at Jamestown and so gave our continent its first English settlement.

Corn kept from starvation the pilgrims in Massachusetts and led very properly to the first Thanksgiving day.

The American Indian placed the white races under an unpayable debt when he introduced our ancestors to corn.

Whether you eat "roasting ears" or hot corn muffins, golden cakes just off the griddle or a warm, thick bread, you cannot go wrong.

I tell you, if Homer had not died a couple of thousand years ago he would write us a finer epic on corn than he did about the siege of Troy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hanging the Flag.

When a flag pole is in a slanting or horizontal position if the rope holding the upper corner of the flag be pulled very tight and the rope holding the lower corner be slackened somewhat, thus allowing the flag to drop slightly away from the pole, the wind will spill out of it. This will do much to prevent the flag from wrapping around the pole.

A little experimenting will show how much to slack away the lower corner. It depends on the size of the flag and the angle of the pole.—New York Sun.

Panama Canal Forts.

The fortifications for the defense of the Panama canal consist of seacoast forts at each end of the canal and field fortifications around the locks. The object of the seacoast forts at the canal terminals is to prevent an enemy in time of war from entering and blocking the canal by sinking vessels in it.

Caught by Cupid.

"I hear your brother went on a fishing trip with a fashionable party to Florida."

"Yes. I told him he was making a mistake to go on such a fishing trip."

"How so?"

"He got hooked."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How He Pleased Them.

"The paper states that you pleased a big audience at the banquet last night."

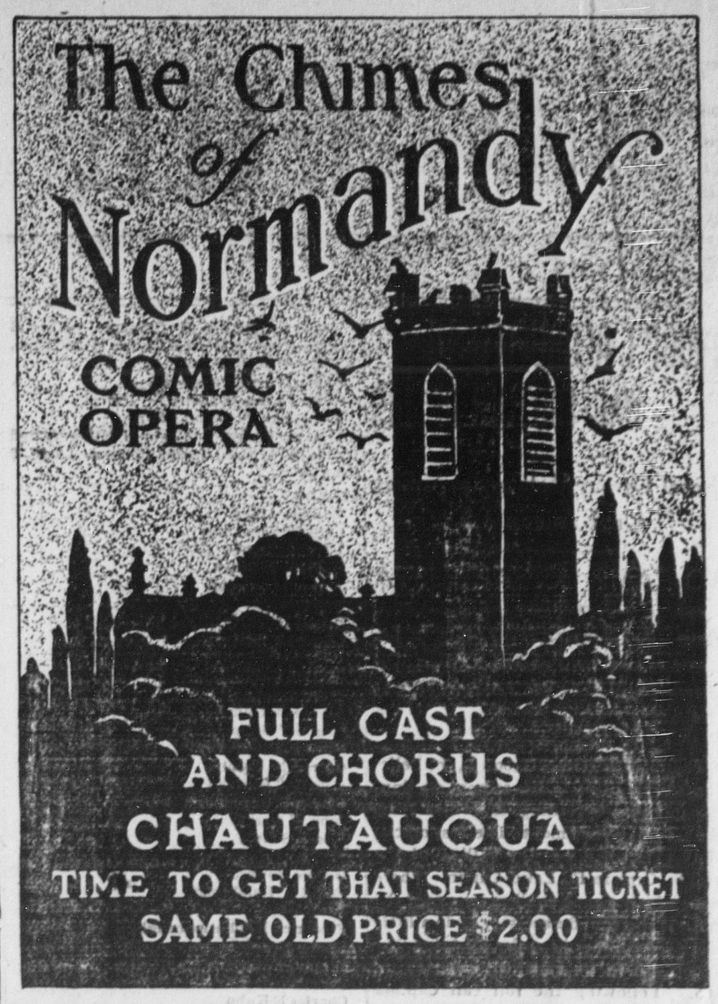
"The paper is wrong. I did not appear."

"Um. I guess the paper is right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Daughter Was Right.

She—But, father, he is the only man I love. Father—That's right, my child. I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time.—London Tit-Bits.

Laboring toward distant aims sets the mind in a higher key and puts us at our best.—Parkhurst.



Bellefonte Chataugua---July 25, July 31

With Pershing in France.

Dr. Harrison J. McGhee, son of George C. McGhee, of Beech Creek, who was married on March 3, 1917, to Miss Carrie Chilcote, of Morrisdale, and who soon after with his bride went to the Mexican border to do service as a United States army physician, is now with Pershing's force in France. His wife at present is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Chilcote, at Morrisdale.

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scald head, herpes, scabies. Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 50c a box at all stores.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

$3.25 Round Trip — Speclai Sunday Excursion

ATLANTIC CITY

9 Hours by the Sea

SUNDAY JULY 22

Special Through Train, Without Change of Cars, Leaves

Saturday, July 21		Saturday July 21		Sunday, July 22	
Bellefonte	9.30 p.m.	Rising Springs	10.46 p.m.	Vicksburg	12.08 a.m.
Lemont	9.59 p.m.	Coburn	11.06 p.m.	Lewisburg	12.20 a.m.
Oak Hall	10.04 p.m.	Glen Iron	11.36 p.m.	AtlanticCityAr.	6.32 a.m
Linden Hall	10.12 p.m.	Millmont	11.47 p.m.		
Centre Hall	10.29 p.m.	Mifflinburg	12.00 M.		

RETURNING, leaves Atlantic City (South Carolina Ave.) Sunday, 4.15 p. m

A rare opportunity to enjoy a whole day at the seashore, with its surf bathing and varied scenes of gayety and pleasure.

Tickets on sale beginning Friday preceding excursion

Similar Excursions Sundays, August 5 and 19

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street — Bellefonte, Pa.

War Gardening

How a Girl Took Lessons In the Craft

By ETHEL HOLMES

Prices had been rising for a number of years, and as soon as it was announced that war was declared between the United States and Germany prices shot up with lightning rapidity. As soon as spring came everybody who possessed a back yard prepared to establish a kitchen garden.

Stephen Gregory one morning, after reading in his newspaper that potatoes were selling at $4 a bushel, said to his daughter, Minna:

"We have here four acres of virgin soil that should be cultivated. If I could hire help I would raise what vegetables we need for the coming summer. But I can't hire help; there is none to be hired. Any man who is able to work can do better than work for what I could afford to pay him."

"Couldn't you turn over the ground to be worked by some one on shares?" asked the young lady.

"I could give it to some one outright, I suppose, but there is so much idle land that I doubt if I could get any one to work our ground and pay me a royalty. However, I'll advertise it and see what I can do."

"I want to do something to help in this season of necessity," said Minna. "What can I do?"

"You might make a list of those articles of food that we Americans should go without in order that they may be shipped abroad. You can't ship perishable goods, like fish, you know."

"I see."

Minna made her list and showed it to her father. He smiled. The first article to be eaten at home was chickens. "Why, they're 40 cents a pound," was his criticism. The next was lobsters, 50 cents a pound. Then came ducks, mushrooms and such delicacies.

"That's a very good list as to what can't be sent abroad," said the father, "but it would require the income of a nabob to feed on it."

Mr. Gregory advertised his land and succeeded in leasing it for 10 per cent of the crop, which was the best he could do. One morning Minna looked out through her window to see a man in a woolen shirt, corduroy trousers and a faded straw hat plowing up the ground in the rear of the house. She was not near enough to him to see whether he was old or young. Indeed, the matter did not interest her. He was evidently a plowman, and a plowman was too far removed from her to warrant her paying attention to him.

Nevertheless there was something to awaken an interest in her in the land she had so long regarded as useful only for a lawn tennis court being turned into something productive. For awhile she watched the man turning the sod in furrows and wondered what he would do next. She had no idea whatever as to the methods of raising fruits from the earth and became curious as to what they were. Presently, becoming desirous of a nearer view of this plowing process, she put on a broad brimmed hat and went to the scene of earth turning. The plowman when she approached him was nearing the end of a furrow and before starting back on another said:

"Good morning, miss."

"Good morning," was the reply.

Minna's first object of observation was the plowman. He was a stalwart young fellow of twenty-one and despite his farm apparel was good looking. His skin was tanned by the sun, denoting that his occupation was out of doors. There were no furrows in his face such as come from exposure to wind and weather. However, he was too young for furrows, even though a soil tiller.

"Do you know anything about gardening?" asked the man.

"Nothing. I shall be much interested to see how you do it. Do you scatter the seeds in those crevices between the sods you have curled over?"

"Oh, no. The ground must be harrowed first."

"What's that?"

"The sod must be torn apart and mingled with the soil."

"Then what do you do?"

"If you would like to learn something about gardening I think you would do well to come out here and watch me while I work. Telling one how a thing is to be done is not equal to showing how it is done."

Minna realized the truth of this and said that if he didn't mind her watching him she would do so occasionally. It was not to be expected that a young man would object to a pretty girl being a companion to him while he was making his garden, and Minna was not averse to taking lessons in gardening from a good looking rustic. She watched him plow for awhile, but since there is no variety in plowing she soon went back to the house.

When the ground was in condition to receive the seed Minna's interest was awakened in earnest. The first seed he put in was for radishes and the next for peas. She asked him if he was more anxious to get these vegetables than the others, and he replied that they required cooler weather and could not be raised late in the season. She wondered why he did not put in the potatoes immediately, since she had heard that potatoes were a very important crop. To this he replied that potatoes required dry ground, and the season had been wet. He was waiting for warmer, drier weather.

Minna became desirous of making a garden of her own, and the man prepared a small bit of ground for her. She desired to raise just such vegetables as she preferred to eat, and her favorite was asparagus, which requires several seasons to develop. However, the farmer, whom by this time she had come to call Joe, made an asparagus bed for her and procured the roots. One morning she went out to the garden and saw these roots lying by the bed intended for them. They looked to her like a Medusa's hair of snakes. She supposed she should plant them, putting them in so that the snakes should grow up in the air. When she was finishing her work Joe came along and, looking down at her plants, began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Minna anxiously.

"You've planted them roots uppermost," was the reply.

This was Minna's first effort at planting and, since asparagus does not grow in the earth like potatoes, Joe righted them for her. After that she relied more on her preceptor and made no other such serious mistake.

While dressing one morning after a warm rain she looked out through her window and saw, or thought she saw, a faint line of pale green where she had put in her radish seed. Hurriedly finishing dressing, she went downstairs and ran out to her garden. True enough, there were the little green points peeping from the surface.

This was Minna's first sight of something coming from seed that she had planted with her own hand, and she was delighted. Looking up, she saw Joe coming, with the garden tools on his shoulder, and, running toward him clapping her hands, she cried out as though announcing some happy event:

"My radishes have come up!"

"And there are your string beans," said Joe pointing.

Minna went to her bean bed and saw a queer looking something pushing aside the earth above it.

"Why, it's like a chicken trying to get out of its shell!" she exclaimed.

What we produce ourselves, or, rather, what we put nature in a way to produce, gives us a very pleasurable sensation. When Minna went out to her garden early one morning and with great care pulled up half a dozen bright red radishes she was more delighted than if she had received a legacy. Taking them into the house, she put them into water in a little cut glass dish and gave one at breakfast to each member of the family. No morsel prepared by an experienced cook ever pleased her palate as did that radish.

Minna was used to seeing Joe working in his garden and often noticed him weeding. Her own little tract did not seem to need weeding. At this she wondered.

"Why is it, Joe," she asked him, "that no weeds grow in my beds?"

"They do," said Joe. "Weeds grow wherever there is ground for them to grow on. I think that some fairy godmother comes in the night and takes them all out of your beds."

This was the first thing he said to his pupil that sounded different from what might be expected of a rustic. Minna looked at him inquiringly, but he stooped to use his trowel and she did not see his face.

From this time Joe began to give Minna bits of information about agriculture that surprised her. They sounded rather as coming from a college professor than a simple countryman. One day when he was telling her how plants breathe through their leaves, absorbing oxygen and giving out carbon, she looked at him astonished and asked him where he had learned that. Joe turned away, putting his foot on his spade to hide the fact that he had forgotten himself, letting out something that he had not intended to divulge.

But Minna, having had a peep at what was stored up in Joe's brain, was not to be denied a further view. She told him that she would like to hear more of "that sort of thing," as she expressed it, and Joe began the unfolding of processes of nature, making it all perfectly plain and often illustrating what he told her by the plants themselves. During the spring and early summer Minna was listening to "fairy tales of science" and, though she was not aware of it, was becoming interested in the story teller as well as his tales.

When the crop was ready to be gathered, one morning Minna, looking out from her room, saw a gentleman in a tweed suit and a straw hat in the garden directing some youngsters who were plucking the fruits of Joe's labor. She was not near enough to detect the gentleman's lineaments, but he had Joe's walk. Minna went out to investigate. As she approached the man directing the gathering of the vegetables turned, lifted his hat and bade her good morning.

He was Joe.

Well, to make a long story short, Joe, who was Joseph Crosby, recent graduate and assistant professor at Winterton Agricultural college, when Mr. Gregory's advertisement appeared was looking for a vacant plot of ground to cultivate for vegetables. Intending to do the work himself, he had appeared in working costume and had not taken the trouble to reveal his identity.

Minna was much confused at remembering that she had called one who was entitled to be addressed as professor by the familiar name of Joe, but she was much delighted at discovering that he was an educated gentleman. She married Joe, and when her first baby came her husband said that there was only one other thing that had as much delighted her—her first crop of radishes.

VALUE OF THE COCONUT.

It Might Pay Well to Cultivate the Plant In This Country.

Americans have entirely ignored or else have never known of the really wonderful possibilities which exist to accumulate a fortune by growing coconuts for exporting or for the production of the coconut tree's numerous marketable byproducts.

In the West Indies, Central and South America the fruit is used chiefly for local consumption, the water from the green coconut being a beverage decidedly cool and refreshing, with medicinal values. The leaves from the center of the top of the tree make an excellent salad and are to be found in all Latin American markets in the zones in which they grow. The hewn tree serves the native for a habitation, and a roof is made from the gigantic fronds. From the smaller leaves excellent hats of a high grade are fashioned, but few of which reach this country. From some localities ripened nuts are exported in bulk in the holds of ships, often as ballast, to this country, where a few concerns are engaged in grating coconut meat for the use of confectioners and bakers.

In the West Indies housewives make their own butter from coconuts, four nuts yielding a pound of high grade butter at a cost of less than 10 cents.—W. E. Aughinbaugh in Leslie's.

THE BANK TELLER.

His Title Comes From the Old English Use of Wooden Tallies.

Formerly accounts were kept and large sums of money paid and received by the king's exchequer in London, with little other form than the exchange or delivery of tallies, pieces of wood notched or scored, corresponding blocks being kept by the parties to the account. From this usage one of the head officers of the exchequer was called the "tallier" or "teller." These tallies were often negotiable. Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations" says that "in 1696 tallies had been at 40 and 50 and 60 per cent discount, and banknotes at 20 per cent."

The system of tallies was discontinued about 1830, and the destruction in the night of Oct. 16, 1834, of the old houses of parliament is thought to have been occasioned by the overheating of the flues when the furnaces were employed to consume the tallies, rendered useless by the alteration in the mode of keeping the exchequer accounts. An account of the ancient tally system was written by William Hone.

Some Leaves Live Long.

Evergreen trees do not retain their leaves forever, but are so called because the new leaves appear before the old ones are shed. Miss Vinnie A. Pease has been studying the many evergreens of the Pacific Northwest to ascertain how long the several species retain their leaves. She finds a wide variety, the shortest being the California buckthorn, which sheds some of its leaves in autumn and retains the others only until those of the coming season are mature. The longest is the short leaved yew, which retains its leaves for from five to twelve years, some of them persisting for as long as twenty-three years. Saplings lose their leaves more quickly than mature trees and trees in the open more quickly than those in shady places.

Frogs and Mud Forts.

There is a frog indigenous to Brazil which builds a regular mud fort during the breeding season in order to protect her eggs and tadpoles. The female frog dives to the bottom of the water, scoops up two handfuls of mud and repeats the process until she has erected a circular wall about one foot in diameter. She keeps on till the wall stands at least five inches above the surface of the water, and the whole is most carefully smoothed down with her broad, webbed hands. The work is performed only at night, and when it is completed the eggs are deposited.

Cleaning White Kid Gloves.

Put the gloves on your hand and wash with a clean white soap and rinse in gasoline. Remove from hand, turning the gloves right side out and roll in cornstarch. Wrap them in a towel and let them remain in this condition overnight, then shake out the cornstarch and you will find your gloves as soft and white as if you had sent them to the cleaner to be cleaned. Gasoline is inflammable and must not be used where there is a light or a fire.

The Two Sides.

"There are two sides to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There are two sides to a piece of fly paper."

True.

"There's one sure way of keeping out of debt."

"What is it?"

"Quit wanting things you can't afford."—Detroit Free Press.

His Thought.

"I'd like a little pin money again, my dear."

"Heavens, are you buying diamond pins?"—Detroit Free Press.

Sinks Rapidly.

"What is a sinking fund, Johnny?"

"Pa's bank account when the bills begin to come in."—Boston Transcript.

Our history contains the name of no one worth remembering who led a life of ease.—Roosevelt.

A Vision

By It He Found His Treasures

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Jarvis journeyed from the little railroad station in a brightly painted stage drawn by two iron gray horses. He was the only passenger for the beach, and he shook about in the huge vehicle like the proverbial pea in a barrel. At the entrance to a narrow sandy lane shaded by wind blown cedars, under which the marsh grass straggled sparsely, the stage stopped.

"All out!" sang the driver lustily. "Goin' to the beach, ye said?" He peered down at Jarvis with beady black eyes beneath thatches of white eyebrows.

"Yes; Edgewater cottage. Straight ahead?" Jarvis asked the question while he threw his luggage to the ground and paid his fare.

"Edgewater cottage? That'll be the Rowe place, last cottage on the left. So long!"

"Much obliged. Goodby!"

Jarvis turned to the left and walked slowly down to the beach, his head bared to the fresh breeze, his lungs gratefully inhaling the invigorating salt air.

The last cottage proved to be a rather large structure placed not far beyond high water mark. Its shingles were weather beaten to a silver gray, and the many windows tightly shuttered looked like closed eyes in a sad face. It seemed desolate enough compared to the other cozy houses along the beach, but Jarvis decided after a hasty examination that when he got out some porch furniture and opened up the shutters the cottage he had hired would be fit enough for his purposes.

The rusty key he had obtained from the agent creaked in the lock, and the door swung open, admitting him to large, comfortably furnished rooms.

His first duty was to throw wide the shutters and raise the window sashes to the fresh air. Except for a layer of dust over everything the house was in exquisite order of arrangement. He decided to sleep in the wire inclosed balcony, and as he had arranged by letter for his meals to be sent in from the hotel on the long point beyond there was little for him to do save to arrange a cot in the balcony and unpack his painting things.

At sunset a steam launch from the hotel discharged a boy with a basket containing his dinner. Jarvis discussed the excellent meal on the veranda, his artist's eye lingering on the wide sweep of green and blue flecked with white that filled the foreground.

Here were color and life enough to limn any number of canvases. Jarvis was glad he had decided to close his studio and run away from all his friends, and the chance that brought him to Beachside had been decided by the childish method of closing his eyes and running his finger along the map of New Jersey while he counted ten. Then he had opened his eyes and found Beachside, most inconspicuous of small watering places, under his finger. Now he was here.

He smoked a thoughtful cigar while the sunset tints faded to opal and silver and then a uniform slate gray settled over the water.

The cigar consumed, Jarvis felt for another one in vain. His cigar case was empty; also he had forgotten his tobacco pouch. He fingered his pipe wistfully and rummaged his traps for tobacco of some sort. In sheer desperation he carried his tallow candle (there was no kerosene in the cottage) from room to room in an aimless search for nicotine.

At last he whistled joyously. On a small stand in one corner of the living room he found a smoking set of hammered brass. The huge tobacco jar contained a few pinches of the desired weed, and he crammed it into his pipe gratefully.

Now he closed the door and locked it and went up to his balcony. He threw himself down on the cot and smoked contentedly, dreamily. Overhead was the shine of gentle stars, and on the beach the waves broke softly, musically. He went to sleep.

Jarvis was awakened by a crashing volley of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning. He sat up and gazed open mouthed at the strange scene depicted before his eyes.

There was all the wild fury of a hurricane bursting about his ears. Huge waves pounded on the beach, breaking in blinding spray that drenched his face. Some dark shape loomed out of the blackness, coming nearer. He discerned the outlines of a large white steamer, saw dark forms tossed against her whiteness, heard the blare of her distress signals, saw her careen on the shoals and become engulfed in the sea. Still the waves broke on the beach, and in their tossing they flung a dark form on the white sand beneath the balcony.

Jarvis tried to rise, but his limbs seemed paralyzed. He endeavored to utter a sound, but his lips were dumb. He could only sit there on his couch wildly conscious of tragedy heaped on tragedy, powerless to help.

Another wave rose high crested, curved downward and greedily snatched the still dark form from the sands, drew it out into the sea's bosom and kept it.

Horrified, the painter stared down at the beach, now conscious that the silent form had left something behind, a small dark object whose outlines were lost in the darkness. Then the waves came again and again, sucking up the sand and piling it over and about the dark object until it was entirely hidden from view.

With appalling suddenness the storm vanished as if it had never been. Overhead the stars shone gently, and the waves softly lapped the quiet beach.

Jarvis found his motive power as if magically restored. With a leap he was off the cot and dashing down the stairs to the sand. There he stood dumfounded.

To the touch of his stockinged feet the sand was warm and dry. His groping fingers confirmed that fact. The tide was rising, and almost to its verge the sand showed no trace of dampness. The sea stretched a level expanse, broken here and there by dimpling wavelets.

"I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it," muttered Jarvis dazedly. "I couldn't have been dreaming, and yet"— He looked at his watch. "It's certainly up to me or the tobacco I've been smoking! Nine o'clock when I turned in, and now it's 9:30. Even in these swift times they don't turn storms off and on at that gait."

Chagrined, he walked over to the place under his balcony where the waves had tossed the dead man for a brief instant before they reclaimed him. Jarvis had watched it with his own eyes, and he had seen the following waves heap sand about a small dark object the man had left behind. There should be a little sand mound here—and there was!

The painter was too excited to return to his bed; therefore he went into the cottage, found an old fashioned lantern, in which he stuck a candle end, took up a coal shovel and went back to the beach.

Here by the candle's dim light he grimly dug into the shallow heap of sand. It was a fool's business, he told himself as he delved downward to where the sand was soaking wet and the water oozed up into little wells and impeded his labor.

At last came rags and shreds of something that might have been an oilskin coat, and afterward, deeply imbedded in the sand, Jarvis found a small water soaked box bound with iron bands. This was treasure trove.

Jarvis hastened to the cottage and with hammer and chisel pounded away at the little box until its rotted sides fell inward and the iron bands crumbled to rusty flakes.

Pitiful indeed was the little treasure contained in the tiny chest—a sailor's keepsakes. Bits of coral and pretty shells and stones, a woman's lovely face smiling from a tarnished frame, a baby's first photograph, the mother's loving inscription penned on the back; a few letters intimately tender from wife to husband, a copy of a will, a few months' wages tied in little oilskin sacks, the owner's name on the inside of a memorandum book—James Petrel, master of the freighter Sea Nymph—that was all.

So the man who had been thrown on the beach as revealed to Jarvis in the vision—for such the painter believed his strange adventure to be—must have been the captain of the ill fated vessel. On the morrow he would inquire concerning the wreck of the Sea Nymph and try to find the relatives of James Petrel.

After that Jarvis tumbled into bed and went to sleep, wondering why he of all men had been chosen to bring to light the long buried box. He dreamed about the curly headed baby, whose charming smile pursued him through his dreams.

"Yes," said the oldest cottager when Jarvis guardedly made inquiries concerning wrecks on the coast. "It was as far back as 1855 that the Sea Nymph went ashore off here. She got on the shoals, but the seas were riding so high she didn't stick. Back she went, and they simply swallowed her up, so the story goes. Bits of cargo floated ashore long afterward—one or two bodies of seamen. That was all. Divers never found trace of her. It was the worst storm ever known on the coast. After that they built the breakwater and the lighthouse. At that time there was an old fisherman's hut on the spot where your cottage now stands. Tradition has it that the old man lured the steamer to her ruin. If he did it was small profit to him, for the storm washed his hut into the sea, and he went with it. The man who owns your cottage once found a copper canister filled with choice smoking tobacco buried in the sand near by. It pleased him to resurrect it and smoke it. He quit using it after awhile because, he claimed, it gave him the nightmare—said the Sea Nymph went ashore every night in his dreams. If there's any of it left you better not smoke it," added the oldest cottager whimsically.

"It's all gone," replied Jarvis, with a cryptic smile. He did not think it worth while to inform the old man that his advice had come a little too late.

And this is the treasure that Jarvis found. When he had traced the widow of the luckless Captain Petrel he found her prosperously married to one of the ship's owners, while the curly headed baby with the charming smile had grown to be the loveliest girl Jarvis had ever met. As a consequence Doris Petrel became the artist's wife.

In addition, the memory of the vision that had come to him that night clung so persistently in his mind that he transferred the stormy scene to canvas with every detail of that wild night of thunder and lightning, hurricane winds and mammoth waves, the ghostlike vessel shuddering to her watery grave, the package on the beach half obliterated by the sand. Next to Doris herself, this picture proved to be Jarvis' treasure, for it made his fortune.

LUCK IN AN AIRPLANE.

Curious Bit of Good Fortune That Saved an Army Aviator.

Many an army aviator owes his life to miraculous good fortune, like the British airman whose escape is described in "Tales of the Flying Services" by C. G. Grey.

An officer went out on a bombing expedition and met a German machine. In order to save weight he had left his small arms behind him, but he thought it was a pity to pass by a good target, and so he decided to drop a bomb on him. But dropping a bomb on a swiftly moving mark is not the same as firing at a fixed point. So he missed the German. Unfortunately for him, he also exposed himself to the fire of the enemy and received a rifle bullet in the thigh.

To be strictly accurate, the bullet struck his trousers pocket, hit a five franc piece, broke itself and the coin and distributed the assorted pieces of metal about the lower part of his body.

Feeling that he was badly hit, the pilot shut off his engine and dived for the ground from a height of about 6,000 feet. When he was a thousand feet from the ground he espied some aeroplanes in a field, and, not knowing whether he was over German or French territory, he made up his mind to land among the aeroplanes, certain that if they did happen to be German machines he would be well treated by the flying corps.

Two hundred feet above ground he completely lost consciousness, but in some curious subconscious way he made a perfect landing right alongside of a British motor ambulance. So well did he land that for some minutes no one troubled about him. When they did go to look they found a badly wounded officer in a state of collapse.

He was promptly put into the ambulance and sent off to the hospital. There it was found that the bullet had cut a large artery and that the pilot would have bled to death in a few minutes if the bullet had not also cut a muscle, which had sprung back and wrapped itself like a piece of elastic round the artery and formed, as it were, an automatic tourniquet.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS WORK.

Hoarded Money Helps No One and Puts a Brake on Business.

When a manufacturer or other producer of real wealth does a profitable business and turns his profits back into the business he gives employment to men and creates more real wealth as he progresses year by year. He does more real good for his fellow men than he would if he gave all his profits in charity, because it is better to make people self supporting and independent than it is to give them something for nothing, no matter how worthy the motives may be.

When a rich man invests his money in productive enterprises he performs an important social service for the benefit of his country. Accumulated capital is always a power for good and accomplishes much good when intelligently handled. When a man deposits his savings in a bank his money is lent to others who can make good use of it in business or it is invested in productive enterprises or loaned to those who do produce real wealth.

If a depositor takes $1,000 in gold or its equivalent to a bank and deposits it that bank can extend credit to others in five times the amount deposited in actual cash. Many men can save money who do not know how to invest it in active business enterprises. As far as the common good is concerned, it does not matter much whether the man invests the money himself or gives it to a bank to handle for him. In the hands of the bank it will do more work and service for a greater number of people.

The worst a man can do with his money is to hoard gold or currency redeemable in gold. As far as the community is concerned, it would be better if he threw it away in riotous living and let somebody else have a chance to put it to good use. Every idle dollar in this country should be put to work at once.—New York Commercial.

Your Will Is Insurance.

In the Woman's Home Companion Clyde Scott Stillwell says: "A will is no more or less than the cheapest and best form of life insurance. A man should make it out on his wedding day, even though 'all his worldly goods' amount to no more than the clothes on his back. A rich man can afford to die without a will; there will be enough left of his estate after the lawyers and courts get done to provide for his family. But the poor man, the man whose estate is $10,000 or less, cannot afford to take that chance. A will to him is an indispensable necessity."

Making Wire.

Wire used to be made by hammering metal into sheets and cutting these into strips, which were hammered or filed into wire. Now the material is rolled into rods by grooved rollers and drawn cold through holes in a plate of harder metal, usually hardened steel, by means of powerful machinery.

Certainly Not.

Mr. Liberty—I'm going to get you a piano, dear.

Mrs. Liberty—Oh, yes, you say you are, but your gifts always have strings to them.

"Well, you wouldn't want a piano without strings, would you?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In After Years.

He—Is Miss Willing waiting for her ideal hero? She—Oh, my, no! She's now skirmishing around for a man that has more dollars than sense.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 19, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

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FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

Here and there you may find a slacker but the big bulk of the American type of manhood is true blue.

The American soldier does not want to fight, but since it has become necessary he will do his part, and more.

With thousands of loyal American soldiers now on the high seas enroute to foreign lands, may our prayers go out for not only their safety but also for the comfort and consolation of the mothers and wives at home.

France with a population of 39,000,000 has given one out of every six to the war and the toll of French dead to date is over 2,000,000. As we reflect on the horror of war we are the more confirmed in the faith that there can be no permanent peace until the Kaiser and his military colleagues are cast into oblivion.

It won't be long until Uncle Sam's boys will be fighting in the trenches in France. It will be only when the word is received at home of the first breaks in the American ranks that the public mind will begin to fully comprehend that the United States is really at war. This word is bound to come. Let us be prepared to receive it.

TAKING CHANCES.

Some persons about town who no doubt know better are taking chances when they secure liquor for soldiers in uniform. They are liable to arrest and punishment and this is likely what will happen unless they stop the practice, and stop it instantly.

Congress recently enacted a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to uniformed soldiers and marines. The Bellefonte hotels have issued stringent orders to comply with the law. When Troop L was mobilized a few days ago one of the first matters brought to the attention of the members by Captain Curtin was the importance of respecting the spirit and letter of the law referred to.

Some misguided persons have failed to comprehend the gravity of their offense, or they would not risk a heavy fine and prison sentence in furnishing liquor to a few of the soldiers. They possibly did not stop to appreciate that they were also placing the soldiers in danger of severe punishment. This, however, does not lessen the gravity of the act. For their own protection every hotel proprietor in Bellefonte should redouble his efforts to guard against the sale of liquor in bottles to persons who may pass it along to the boys in uniform. By so doing the hotel keepers will be doing a good turn for themselves as well as for the soldiers.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	32
Eggs	35

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.75
Oats	75
Rye	1.75

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOUGHT THE DRAFT

The Scene In New York City During the Riots of 1863.

A BRIEF REIGN OF TERROR.

For Five Days the Mobs Opposed to Conscription Raged Through the Streets, and More Than a Thousand Persons Were Killed or Wounded.

During the draft riots in the war days of 1863 New York city was in the grip of a reign of terror and bloodshed for nearly a week. Conscription was begun on the morning of Tuesday, July 13, in a four story brick building at Third avenue and Forty-sixth street, under the supervision of Provost Marshal Jenkins. Assistance and protection had been promised, but no one came to help him and his little force. Drafting commenced at 9 o'clock, and a big crowd stood outside. A stone was hurled through a window at 10:30 o'clock, and soon many more were battering against the walls. Terrorized, the police and draft officers fled to the street, where many of them were roughly handled.

The rioters rushed into the draft office and threw the enrollment books out of the windows to the crowd, which tore the records to shreds. The draft wheel, chairs and tables were smashed, piled in the middle of the room, and a match was applied. This building was one of the many burned, the aggregate loss by incendiary fires being estimated at $2,000,000.

For negroes in the city it was a day of doom, the mob looking upon them as one of the chief causes of the draft. Many of them were killed and wounded, some being shot, others beaten to death and still others hanged to trees and lampposts. The Colored Orphan asylum was burned. Near Fulton market boys killed three negroes and left their bodies on the pier near Fulton ferry entrance.

So suddenly did the shock come that the police and limited force of militia in town could not resist it. There was a hurried conference between Major General Wool, ex-Governor Morgan, General Anthon and Brigadier General Harvey Brown; but, owing to the absence of Governor Horatio Seymour, whose opinion was wanted, martial law was not declared. Brigadier General Brown, however, took command of the troops in the city and summoned from nearby points all available soldiers. Mayor George Opdyke issued an anti-riot proclamation.

During the afternoon a mob swept along Fifth avenue, destroying property. They were ready to burn Mayor Opdyke's home, but Judge Barnard saved it by telling the crowd the only way to resist the draft was by bringing it before the court. He promised he would issue a writ of habeas corpus for any drafted man for whom application should be made. In all the mobs were many infuriated women, whose actions were often worse than those of the men.

Horace Greeley, who was a particular object of aversion to the rioters, started, as usual, from his home in Nineteenth street to go on a Fourth avenue car to the Tribune office. Friends told him of his danger, and he spent the day in Windust's restaurant, at Park row and Ann street, and went home at night in a closed carriage while mobs were demanding his blood.

Governor Seymour issued a proclamation the next day calling on all citizens to stand by the constituted authorities and assist in maintaining order. Rioting, however, continued throughout the day and night, the police, soldiers and mobs having many fatal encounters.

On the third day the rioting continued, and many of the mob and the city's defenders were killed or wounded. The federal authorities postponed the draft, but trouble did not cease at once, as many of the rioters thought the action was a governmental trick to gain time. The fourth day brought further disorders in New York and Brooklyn. Archbishop Hughes addressed a crowd in front of his home, urging them to keep the peace. His plea had a soothing effect.

On the fifth day fighting ceased and order was partly restored. A heavy storm also dampened the ardor of the tired rioters. General James B. Fry, provost marshal general of the United States, issued an order that drafting would be resumed. Brigadier General E. R. S. Canby assumed command of the Federal troops in the city, relieving General Brown. A roundup of ringleaders among the rioters followed, and many were arrested. By July 30 order was completely restored.

More than 1,000 persons were killed or wounded during the rioting, among them Colonel O'Brien of the Eleventh New York volunteers, then in the city on recruiting duty. He ventured out in uniform after having conspicuously opposed the mob. He was seized, beaten, dragged through the streets and finally flung into his own back yard, where he died.—New York Sun.

Repotting Plants.

Repotting plants becomes necessary at intervals from two considerations. The plant uses up the available fertility in the soil and fills the pot with roots. In repotting plants it is well to shake off whatever earth can be separated without breaking and injuring the roots. Then water and shade for a few days.

Fame is something which must be won; honor only something which must not be lost.—Schopenhauer.

HIS AMERICAN WIFE

How She Obtained Justice In Berlin

By F. A. MITCHEL

Minna Selfridge, an American girl, was quite a belle in Berlin shortly before the Pan-European war broke out. Two Germans, Count Herman Burnhardt and Heinrich Weber, were aspirants for her hand. Count Herman was not to the lady's taste, but Weber, a blue eyed, fair haired Saxon, was very much so. She accepted his attentions, and it was evident that his rival was much disgruntled. The count was an important functionary at court and considered himself insulted by a commoner aspiring to the hand of one he desired to possess himself. He was arrogant enough to show his displeasure even to Miss Selfridge.

When the war broke out Miss Selfridge had become Frau Weber. Neither Count Herman nor Weber was in the army, but both were kept busy in Berlin in the civil service. Those were days when every one to whom the slightest suspicion was attached suffered vigorous treatment. One morning as Weber was about to leave his wife for his duties of the day a file of soldiers entered his house, arrested him and took him off to prison.

The blow fell upon him and his wife like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Frau Weber had many friends among the German women and was not long in learning that the cause of her husband's arrest was that he possessed an American wife; that Americans were largely hostile to Germany, and complaint had been lodged with the government that Frau Weber had persuaded her husband to desert his country in the hour of its need and go with her to America.

Frau Weber went at once to Count Herman Burnhardt and laid the matter before him, asking his intervention. She called his attention to the fact that he was in a position to show a truly noble nature in assisting one who had been his rival and favoring one who had declined the honor he would have conferred upon her. The count promised to do all in his power to right the matter, assuring her that he would appeal to the emperor.

Several days passed, and Frau Weber, not hearing from the count, called upon him to learn the reason for his not keeping his promise. He told her that the emperor's time was all occupied and it was very difficult to get his attention for a moment except in most important matters connected with the war. However, the count was watching for an opportunity, and if one occurred he would at once avail himself of it.

Frau Weber had been at court and had met the emperor. She wrote him asking that her husband be released on the grounds she had stated to Count Herman. But whether the pressure on his time prevented or whatever the reason, she received no reply.

Every day women in Berlin were more and more called upon to take the places of men who were needed at the front. One day Frau Weber appeared at the office where a charge would be made against any one for disloyalty and offered her services as a clerk. She met with a refusal. The government had its eye on all foreigners and knew very well that she was an American. What was worse, her husband was a prisoner charged with intending to go to America to escape military duty.

One evening a young man whom Frau Weber had met in society before the war met her in the street. He stopped to speak with her, but only for a moment.

"I dare take only time to say a few words to you, for you are watched, and I will be compromised. I am employed in the bureau of justice and know who made the charge against you and your husband. On your promise not to reveal from whom you received the information I will tell you."

"I promise."

"Your enemy is Count Herman Burnhardt."

He raised his hat and passed on, the interview not having lasted a minute.

It would be impossible to find words to express the mental condition of the American at this intelligence. Astonishment, horror, anger, followed in quick succession. Then came deliberation as to how to make use of the information to effect her husband's release.

The more she thought of obtaining this release the more plainly she saw that, having no evidence against the count which she could use, an application in her husband's behalf would not avail anything. The only person she might influence through her knowledge would be the count himself. But if she went to him and accused him of the contemptible deed he would shrug his shoulders and declare that some enemy was accusing him falsely.

Could the count be compelled to withdraw his charge? Surely this was the only possible way of vindicating Weber. But how could force be applied to the accuser? The only man who could do so was Weber himself, and he was a captive. Minna pondered long in trying to find some way to bring power to bear on the count. Finally desperation brought her a desperate remedy.

Having formed a plan, she proceeded to put it in execution. Her first object was to obtain a disguise. Going to a coiffeur's, she bought face paint and a wig. Having changed her complexion from pink and white to olive, she painted a rosy tint in each cheek. Her own hair was a light blond; her wig raven black; her hands, too, she gave an olive tinge. This was all that was needed to make her unrecognizable.

Count Herman frequently dined at a restaurant in the Unter der Linden. Minna went there hoping to find him, but failed. On several different days she dined in the place where she had often dined with him, and one evening she was about to leave it when the count entered. He took a seat at a table and ordered his dinner. Minna went back, sat down at a table near him and ordered a dinner.

Presently the proprietor was attracted to a commotion in the vicinity of the count's table. A woman had accused him of having insulted her. The count protested. The woman declared he had said to her that in entering a restaurant without an escort she had placed herself without the pale of treatment as a lady. She said that she was an American and simply followed the custom of her country. The proprietor at first sought to quiet her and, failing, asked her to leave the place. She appealed to an army officer sitting near for protection till her husband could be summoned.

"There is no need of that," said the count. "I am perfectly willing to give you my address and shall be ready for any message your husband chooses to send me." And he threw a card on the table occupied by the lady, who took it up and immediately left the restaurant.

The same evening while Count Herman was at work in his office—for in wartime he never rested—a messenger brought him a note, which read as follows:

Count Herman Burnhardt:

Sir—My wife informs me that you insulted her in a restaurant on the Unter den Linden this evening. I desire that you will give me satisfaction at once. I am an American and a stranger in Berlin, with no acquaintance whatever; consequently I have no one to call upon to act as my second. I am therefore compelled to fight you without one. You are welcome to as many attendants as you like. Yours,

ELIHU WAGSTAFF,
Little Rock, Ark., U. S. A.

The count, though vexed, could scarcely restrain a smile at this uncouth way of entering upon a combat.

"Tell Mr. Wagstaff," he said to the messenger, "that I will meet him tomorrow morning and will name the time and place later. I will provide him with a second. As the challenged party, I choose pistols, but if he prefers any other weapon I will cheerfully give way to him."

When an hour later a captain in the army, acting for the count, notified Mr. Wagstaff of the time and place of meeting he was received by Mrs. Wagstaff, who said that her husband had gone to bed and, since his nerve depended on his sleep, she would not awaken him. She would say, however, that since the count was pleased to give up the choice of weapons her husband would fight with foils.

When the captain reported this to the count the latter expressed some concern that he had not seen Mr. Wagstaff. He would have withdrawn from the matter, but his second expressed dissatisfaction at such a procedure, stating that he was bound to fight or suffer the consequences.

Count Herman was on the ground, attended by a surgeon, at the appointed hour and also with two seconds, the one for himself, the other for his opponent. A bundle of foils had also been brought. A few minutes after his arrival a carriage drove up, and out stepped Frau Weber. Her hair and her complexion were her own. She wore a cloak that reached to her feet. Advancing to the party, she threw open her cloak and revealed her figure in fencing costume. The count on seeing her was paralyzed; the others were amazed.

"Count," she said, "you are doubtless aware of the reason for this encounter. Will you send your attendants out of hearing, or shall I make my demands in their presence?"

The count was silent for a moment, then motioned the others to retire. When they had gone Minna said to him:

"You have acted a shameful part in lodging a false charge against my husband under circumstances that you know full well."

The count essayed to speak, but she stopped him.

"Either you must sign a paper retracting your charge or you must kill me or I will kill you."

Once more the count attempted to argue, but the woman, drawing a foil from beneath her cloak, stopped him with, "On guard!"

"Where is the paper you wish me to sign?" he asked.

Minna drew a document from a belt she wore and handed it to him. It read:

"I have been mistaken in my charge against Heinrich Weber and withdraw it."

Minna drew a fountain pen from her corsage and offered it to him. He accepted it, signed the document and handed it to her.

"It is enough that you have sought revenge upon a successful rival to ruin you as soon as the fact becomes known. I shall not use this paper until convinced that you do not intend to secure my husband's release. If you do not see that he is freed within two days I will send it to the emperor himself."

Re-entering her carriage, she was driven away. The attendants received no explanation from their principal. Within a few days Weber was released and returned to his duties.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Homer Crissman, the popular assistant in the office of the Bellefonte Central railroad, knows why "Job" of old, sat in sackcloth and ashes. He's got a boil on the back of his neck.

Dr. J. M. Winner and family, of Wilmington, Del., are visiting in Bellefonte at the homes of her aunts, the Misses Pearl, and Mrs. Winner's mother, Mrs. Edward Brown, on Penn street. Miss Ella Pearl, of Philadelphia, has also been visiting her sisters. She is a Sister in a convent and is known as Sister Linus. She leaves for home today.

Miss Grace McBride, a former resident of Bellefonte, was married recently to a young attorney of Scranton whose name unfortunately we were unable to secure. They were married at the home of her sister, Mrs. Boyd Musser. They took a wedding trip west and are now at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Her husband is said to be one of the promising lawyers at the Scranton bar. The bride is known as a model young lady whose youthful days were spent in Bellefonte.

The following are the names of the young ladies and gentlemen from Bellefonte who Tuesday evening autoed over the Seven mountains to Burnham, near Lewistown, where they attended a dance in the new park at that place: Mary Kline, Sarah Longwell, Nan Shaffer, Mary Schad, Elizabeth and Sarah Galbraith, Walter McCullough, Swengle Smith, Hassel Montgomery, John Kline, Blair Hall. Last but not least, Albert Snow, LeRoy Metzer and Morton Freeburn, of State College were among the crowd. Billy Keichline took the boys over and coming back something went wrong with the gearing of his car and the result was they returned most of the way on low gear.

HARD WORK FOR CUPID.

Roumanian Farmers Try to Keep Their Sons From Wedlock.

The Roumanian farmer doesn't think much of matrimony. A bachelor hasn't missed much, in his opinion. And when his son gets the marrying bee buzzing in his bosom the Roumania dad is apt to take a hickory club and beat it out of the young man's system.

That's why the Roumanian youth when he is in love never confides the happy secret to his father. He goes and tells his mother, for women still believe in love and marriage, although they lead from the altar to the washtub. But the father has faced the mule heels and the plow handles so long in his hard struggle to feed the hungry mouths opened to him by marriage that he has forgotten he was once a lover sighing lover's tales. He is about as much in favor of state wide matrimony as a sick boy is in favor of castor oil.

So the son tells his mother. The mother feeds father the best dinner she can cook, and when the old man is in a mellow mood she breaks the sad news about their boy. If she is skillful enough she wins his grouchy consent, and he calls in his two best men friends. These two go with his son to the girl's home. Perhaps she has heard nothing of the love affair, but when she sees them coming she guesses what's up. Her father entertains the visitors, and if he lets the fire go out it means he has taken this method to turn them down cold.

Roumanian wives all have silk dresses or silk shawls. Their husbands do not buy the silk for them; the women raise it themselves.—Exchange.

Teeth Gritting a Symptom.

When children grit their teeth, either asleep or as a habit when awake, it is generally a sign that they have adenoid growths back of their noses and need the attention of a physician. Dr. C. E. Benjamins tells in a journal of Amsterdam of his experience with 1,544 cases of adenoids, in which about 37 per cent of the children were teeth gritters, and in most of the cases the gritting ceased when the adenoids were removed. Among 115 teeth gritters he examined for troubles other than adenoids all but two were found to have adenoids.

Art In America.

The first school of painting to establish itself on American soil was that of Spain, following in the train of viceroys and prelates after the Indian commonwealths had been subjected and Spanish towns had been built. To the present day there exists in the City of Mexico the oldest academy of the fine arts in the western world, the Academy of San Carlos. It is nearly as old as the Royal Academy, London.

NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

July 13, 27, August 10, 24, September 7, 21, and October 5

Round $9.00 Trip From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

A DASTARDLY MURDER

A Coal Operator, Wife and Son Shot in Cold Blood.

In one of the foulest murders that has stirred Central Pennsylvania for many years, Edmund J. Humphries, Sr., his wife, Mrs. Carrie Humphries, and their son, Edmund, Jr., aged 14, were shot and killed at 8.30 o'clock Sunday morning, two miles south of Carrolltown, enroute to Philadelphia in their motor car, with George K. Tompkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, who is being held pending the probing of his story about masked men attacking the party.

All the victims were shot in cold blood, the scene being on the Ebensburg-Carrolltown highway, surrounded by open fields. The motive of the killing cannot be discerned by authorities. Nearly a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was found unmolested. Humphries and Tompkins were presumably the best of friends, having been associated in business several years.

At 8.10 o'clock, the Humphries and Tompkins left the St. Lawrence hotel, Carrolltown, where they resided, embarking in a Dodge touring car. They were gone barely a half hour when Tompkins drove the machine into the town at high speed to the office of Dr. Arble. He was spattered with blood and excitedly implored the physician to look at the bodies of Mrs. Humphries and her son, which were in the car. The doctor found them beyond human aid.

Meanwhile, Tompkins was pouring forth his story in a torrent of words. He declared three masked men surprised the motorists, shot the woman, the boy and pursued the elder Humphries into a field. He said he had hastily picked up Mrs. Humphries who had leaped from the car when the bandits appeared, found her dying and put her in the tonneau with her son and started to Carrolltown, after the gunmen left him crouched in the rear seat and had started after Humphries. Dr. Arble returned to the scene of the shooting with Tompkins in the auto. Arrived at the blood-covered point of the highway, Dr. Arble and Tompkins began their hunt for the elder Humphries. A crimson-spotted trail led into the field, where the body was found, 500 yards from the highway. Humphries was thrice shot and his brain oozed over his face when found. Death had occurred about a quarter hour before.

Dogs Chasing Game.

As a matter of information to our readers who may be interested in the subject we publish the following:

On June 7th, 1917, the new Game Law became effective, the majority of this new law merely being the old law reduced to one comprehensive act, with a limited number of new features. Section 26 of this new act contains the same provision as section 21 of the act of May 1st, 1909, as amended by the act of April 15th, 1915, absolutely prohibiting dogs from chasing and destroying game and wild birds during the closed season. Under the old law, however, there was no specific penalty imposed upon the owners of dogs so permitted to run at large and destroy game, except the killing of same. The new act contains an addition clause, which reads as follows:

"Any person who shall either knowingly or negligently permit his dog, or a dog under his control, to pursue small game during the closed season off land he may own or control, after notice as before stated, shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each day small game may be pursued in violation of this section, and to an additional penalty of five dollars for each game-bird or rabbit killed by such dog pursuing game without the aid or direction of its master."

All of the officers connected with the game commission have been instructed to enforce this provision very strictly.

Game wardens in this section are right on their toes and will do their duty when the game law is violated.

Let's Trust It's True.

James Libby, of Sunbury, the fireman on the morning passenger train over the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad, came to Bellefonte Tuesday morning with quite an interesting story as to the date when this cruel and bloody war will cease. According to his statement there is a young girl in Williamsport, 13 years of age, who was born a mute. She was never known to utter a word in her life. Last Thursday her mother was busy baking pies when the young girl in question entered the kitchen and in more than an audible voice made the following remark: "mama, this war will come to a close on the 7th of August, 1917." It was such an unnatural occurrence that the mother almost fainted. On her recovery she began asking her daughter questions and to her surprise and regret found that she was unable to utter another word, having gone back to her normal condition. This seems like a fairy tale we have heard but Mr. Libby, who is a man of unquestionable truth and veracity, gives this remarkable statement as a fact. Should her prognostication prove correct millions of people would rejoice and the name of this young girl would be written on tablets of stone and brass. Let's hope that the mute's open her mouth for such an omen be a good one.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills

The Baileyville folks and the Pine Hallers have the flag fever.

Among our sick this week are Maude Fry and Russell Bailey. Grant Martin is convalescing from an attack of fever.

Henry McWilliams is holding down his arm chair, the result of an attack of lumbago.

Mrs. Amos Koch, of Aaronsburg, is visiting relatives in this section, also old neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blake were Sunday visitors at the Strouse home.

Miss Beulah Fortney and mother and John Kimport and wife were callers in town Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Woods and baby girl came over from Pitcairn for a week's visit among their Centre County friends.

During an electric storm that passed over the valley last Thursday evening Ira Gates, of Guyer, and W. B. Musser, of the Branch, each had a cow struck by lightning. The former's cow died that night, but the other cow is recovering.

Many tons of hay have rotted in the fields during the last two weeks owing to continued rainy weather.

As yet only a few ripe patches of wheat have been put in shock. Much of the crop will be cut late in July, if not in August.

A happy birthday celebration was tendered Guy Hilliard on July 1st. It was his eighty-fourth anniversary and the grizzled old veteran was the recipient of numerous presents, including $15 of the long green. He is a Civil war veteran, also a retired railroader and enjoys really good health and is eager to take up arms to down the Kaiser.

The Red Cross auxiliary of this town desires these columns to thank the I. O. O. F. members for the use of their hall to hold a festival last Saturday evening, also the citizens band for the excellent music furnished, with also thanks to E. M. Watt for his liberal gift of five per cent of all sales Saturday. The treasurer's account was made larger by $60 for the Red Cross cause.

Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ludwig and two sons, of Johnstown, were Boalsburg visitors from Friday untill Tuesday.

Mrs. Irvin Johnson, after spending several months with her mother, Mrs. M. A. Woods, returned to her home at Crafton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jacobs, of Wilmington, Delaware, are visiting Mrs. E. E. Brown.

Mrs. (Dr.) Smith, Mrs. Porter and daughter, Sarah, of Altoona, spent Saturday at the James Ross home.

Mrs. Stella Albertson, of Philadelphia, is visiting at the William Stover home.

Mrs. Harry McGirk and daughter, of Bellefonte, were over Sunday visitors with the former's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Dale.

Relatives of Rev. W. W. Hess just learned last week of his death which occurred almost two years ago in the St. Helena sanitorium, in California. Mr. Hess was a Presbyterian minister in Pueblo, Colorado.

An Interesting Story.

There is a story going the rounds that several months ago a young lady from Scranton visited in Bellefonte whose fiancee was touring in Germany. In exchanging letters the young man asked his fiancee what she would like to have as a present from that country. In a reply manner she stated that a most appreciable gift would be the eyes of the latter. The letter must have been intercepted by the German censors from the fact that recently the young lady received a package from Germany in which was enclosed two human eyes. As nothing has been heard from him since she got the letter the indications are that the lover was killed and these are his

The Bellefonte Chautauqua.

The Bellefonte Chautauqua this year will surpass all others held in former years, so if you have not gotten your tickets now is the time to secure them. For $2.00 you are entitled to twelve of the best entertainments now before the American public. Among them are the MacKinnie Opera Company of five artists. The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra Club, Madame Justine Shannon, Denman Thompson's great play, "the Homestead," and the Chautauqua magician, Paul Fleming, of York, Pa.

The people in the country who have automobiles should avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing something that is not only pleasant to the eye but very instructive. A new feature in this year's Chautauqua is the package ticket which promises to become popular with those residing outside the three mile limit. This consists of ten tickets which may be purchased for $2.50 and can be used by the holder in any way he prefers, by an individual or in parties. By this arrangement whole families may attend any of the meetings. For the convenience of the public, the Chautauqua guarantors have placed tickets on sale at Mott's drug store, where they may be obtained at the same old price of $2.00 It should be remembered that no tickets can be obtained after noon on July 25th. The guarantors had faith enough in our people that the Chautauqua would be well patronized and they should not meet with disappointment.

Housewives Notice.

The Centre County Farm Bureau has arranged a series of canning and drying demonstrations to be held in the county during the coming week. The demonstrations will show the cold pack method of canning, also talks on the drying of fruits and vegetables and the economic use of food stuffs in the home. The demonstration will be conducted by a demonstrator from the Home Economics Extension Department of the Pennsylvania State College. You will find them very interesting as well as beneficial. Following is the list of demonstations:

July 22, 7.30 Milesburg, moving picture building.
July 24, 2 Zion, Grange Hall
July 24, 8 Snow Shoe, Slavish Hall
July 25, 8 Philipsburg, Moshannon Bank Aud.
July 26, 2 Millheim, Auditorium
July 26, 8 Spring Mills, Grange Hall
July 27, 2 Unionville, Grange Hall
July 27, 8 Julian, School Building
July 28, 2 Stormstown, F. H. Clemson's home.

For any further information or bulletins on canning and drying call or write the Farm Bureau office.

R. H. Olmstead,
Extension Representative.

Given a Commission.

Dr. George Hoy Tibbens, the son of Dr. J. E. Tibbens, of Beech Creek, who is known in Bellefonte, received a telegram Saturday notifying him that he had been appointed as First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps on July 5th. The communication was signed McCain. He immediately wired his acceptance.

Dr. Tibbens is one of the leading physicians in this section and has the distinction of being the first doctor in Clinton county to apply for a commission. He has passed the physical examination and is ready to leave for duty whenever summoned. He is to be commended in unmeasured terms for his patriotic action and will carry with him the good wishes of the entire county when he leaves for duty on some foreign soil.

Last Days to Register.

Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, July 17th and 18th, were the last days upon which voters may register in order to vote at the fall primaries on the third Wednesday of September. The registration assessors sat at the various polling places as required by law on both dates in order to register all voters, and persons expecting to vote at the primaries should not have neglected this important duty.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Aaron P. Zerby Dead.

Aaron P. Zerby, father of Attorney W. D. Zerby, of Bellefonte, passed away Sunday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nina A. Foutz, at Maple Park, Illinois, where he had been visiting since May. The deceased had been in ill health for several years with cancer of the stomach, and did every thing he knew to eradicate the terrible disease but found no cure. He was the son of Adam and Elizabeth Zerby and on April 25th, 1845, was born in Penns Valley. His chosen vocation was a tiller of the soil and he became one of the most thrifty farmers in Centre county. During his later years he went into the lumbering business which proved quite a success. Early in life he was married to Miss Elizabeth Daup, of Potter township, this county, who preceded him to the grave about sixteen years ago. Deceased resided most all his life in Penns Valley and was a man prominent in the affairs of Penn township. He was a man of more than average intelligence and ability and always exerted considerable influence among his neighbors. While he was well up in years his personality is a great lost to the community. He was a christian and belonged to the Evangelical church. He is survived by three children: Emory P. Zerby, Hampshire, Illinois; Mrs. Nina Foutz, Maple Park, Illinois, and William D. Zerby, Bellefonte. He is also mourned by two brothers: Henry F. Zerby, of Aaronsburg, and David L., Zerby of Millheim.

The friends with the remains left Maple Park Monday morning, arriving in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon. From here the body was taken to Penns Valley where it was taken from the train and laid to rest in the family plot in the Paradise cemetery, in Penn township. Rev. W. H. Brown, of Millheim, and Rev. Miller, of Spring Mills, officiated.

Mrs. Trood Parker Dead.

Thursday morning Mrs. Trood Parker passed away in the hospital at Clearfield from peritonitis. The deceased was taken suddenly ill Monday and her condition grew rapidly worse until she passed away. Wednesday evening she was operated upon for a badly congested condition of the bowels which was followed by other complications. Her maiden name was Helen Nixon, being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nixon, of Clintondale, where she was born over twenty-five years ago. She was married to Mr. Parker in November, 1914, and he survives with a ten months' old son, Trood Parker, Jr. She also leaves her parents, three brothers and one sister, namely: Mrs. Edward Ohl and Fred Nixon, of Mill Hall; Allison and Roy at home. The remains of Mrs. Parker arrived at Mill Hall Friday over the New York Central railroad from Clearfield and were taken to the home of deceased's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Nixon, Mill Hall, where funeral services were conducted Saturday at 2 o'clock by Rev. A. D. Bateman. Interment was made in Cedar Hill cemetery.

The bereaved husband is a son of Mrs. Alice Parker, of Bellefonte, who has decided to go to Clearfield and keep house for her son until other arrangements can be made. He does not like the idea of breaking up his home and thus will try to keep it intact.

Mrs. George Koch Dead.

It is with sadness that we chronicle the sudden death of Ida May, wife of George Koch, who passed away Monday night at 11 o'clock, after an illness of but a few days from diabetes. Just four days previously she gave birth to a daughter that died within twenty-four hours and was buried Saturday morning in Meek's cemetery. The mother's condition took a turn for the worse and she passed away at the time noted. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Keller and was born in Pine Grove Mills November 9th, 1884. On October 10th, 1903, she was married to George Koch, who with one son and five daughters, the youngest but twenty months old, survive. There are also four brothers, J. I., Milton and William M., of Pittsburgh; John and Etta, of Pine Grove Mills, also her parents. A legion of friends mourn her death. She was a member of the Lutheran church and was an earnest devout christian woman. Burial was made this (Thursday) morning at 9.30 o'clock in Pine Grove cemetery, Rev. L. N. Fleck officiating.

Mrs. Edward Wingard Dead.

Mrs. Columbia Ann Wingard died at her home in Columbus, O., at 5 o'clock on Friday evening, after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Wingard was born at Howard, Centre county, June 25th, 1849. Besides her husband, Edward Wingard, and one brother, Dr. D. W. Crosthwaite, of Altoona, she is survived by the following children: Albert, of Columbus; Archie, of Boise City, Idaho, and Mrs. Will Lower, of Columbus. The funeral service was held at Columbus, with interment at that place.

Mrs. Robert Mason Dead.

Mrs. Rebecca Boyer Brumbaugh Mason, wife of Robert Mason and aunt of Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, died at the family home on the Peter Good farm at Flowing Spring station, Huntingdon county, Saturday evening, after a short illness of a complication of diseases.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

John F. Miller Dead.

John F. Miller who was a victim of a train accident at the P. R. R. station at Centre Hall on the afternoon of July the 9th, died Wednesday morning, at three o'clock at his home at Potters Mill. It will be remembered he was hauling crushed stone for the state road between Centre Hall and Old Fort and while passing over the track was struck by the local freight, an account of which appeared in this paper. The unfortunate man was the son of Henry Miller and 58 years ago was born at Snydertown, this county. Early in life he was married to Miss Ellen McCloskey who survives him but no children. He was a pleasant, sociable gentleman and had many friends who will regret hearing of his untimely death. The funeral will be Friday morning from the house at 9.30 o'clock.

Advancement of Captain Boal.

Captain Theodore Boal, originator of the Boal Mounted Gun Troop, and one of the most progressive men in Pennsylvania who is devoting his time and money to the present war, has received another advancement, or military promotion. He has been made a Captain on the staff of Maj. Gen. Clements who has charge of the state troops which will finally land in France. The Boal Troop is now in charge of First Lieut. Leitzel.

Doctors Join Medical Corps.

Following addresses by a detail or doctors from the Medical Reserve Corps at DuBois recently eleven physicians of that section signed application blanks for enlistment in that branch of the service. Among them was Dr. Henry H. Thompson, of Philipsburg.

Cherry Crop Short.

The cherry crop throughout Penns and Brush valleys is short this years Ayples, too, will be less than half a crop. But reports from the mountain districts indicate a bountiful yield of huckleberries.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Lester Shuey, late of Spring Twp.deceased. Notice is hereby given that the Widow's Appraisement in the above estate whereby personal property amounting to $96.00 has been set aside to Romie Shuey, widow of the deceased. And the balance in real estate valued at $850.00 subject to the payment of mortgage of $650.00 under the terms of the Act of June 1883.

DESCRIPTION OF REAL ESTATE

All that certain messuage, tenement or tract of land situate in the village of Pleasant Gap, Centre County, Penna., bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a post at south side of Lewisto Tn Turnpike and at corner of lot of Jerry N. Gill; thence along the east side of the said Turnpike, south sixty-seven and one fourth degrees east four rod eight one-hundredths of a rod to a stone; thence along said lands of Wm. Johnson, north twenty-one degrees east eleven and two-tenth rods to a stone, thence by lands of Wm Grenoble, north nineteen and three-fourths degrees twenty-two rods to a stone; thence by land of Wm. Colyer south sixty-six and one-half degrees west twenty-three and two-tenth rods to a stone; thence along land of Sarah E. Gill south thirty-four degrees east one and two-tenths rods to a stone; thence along land of Sarah E. Gill so. sixteen and one degrees west fourteen and seven-tenth rods to the place of beginning. Containing one acre and ninety-two perches more or less. Being the same property conveyed by Jay L. Cruiset ux to Lester Shuey.

If no exceptions are filed thereto within thirty days the said Widow's Appraisement will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register & C. O. C.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there has been appraised and set apart to Sarah E. Murphy, widow of James L. Murphy, late of Ferguson Twp., deceased real and personal property to the amount of $800.00, under the act of Assembly approved July 21, 1913 as follows, to wit:

Personal Property $300.00
Real Estate 500.00—$800.00

DESCRIPTION OF REAL ESTATE

All that certain messuage or lot of ground, situate in the village of Pine Grove Mills, Township of Ferguson, County of Centre and State of Penna. known as Lot No. seven on the Huntingdon Road, leading to Stone Valley, fronting sixty-four feet on said road and extending one hundred and fifty feet westward to an alley, adjoining lot of Jacob Stahley and others, also ten feet feet to lot No. Eight, fronting on the Huntingdon Road, leading to Stone Valley, and one hundred and sixty feet westward to an alley, adjoining lot No. seven on the south.

The above appraisement has been confirmed Nisi by the Court and publication ordered for a period of thirty days, and if no exceptions be filed thereto within thirty days the same will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register & C. O. C.

Notice in Divorce.

Flora M. Vonada vs. Charles H. Vonada. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 34 September term 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Charles H. Vonada:—

Whereas your wife, Flora M. Vonada has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 34 September Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the Fourth Monday of September, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Flora M. Vonada and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Flora M. Vonada should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 10, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County.

Estate of L. Clark Warner, late of Snow Shoe Borough deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Minnie Warner, widow of said decedent has presented and filed her petition, with return of appraisement of real estate situate in Boggs Township, said county, being the one-half undivided interest in and to about ten acres of land, valued and appraised at $287.50, subject to one-half of a $75.00 legacy charged thereon by Lemual Warner, deceased, which has been elected and retained by said widow under act of June 4, 1883, and that the same will be approved by the Court on the first Monday of August, 1917, unless exceptions thereto be filed before said time.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
C. O. C.

NOTICE.

Pennsylvania State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Sealed proposals will be received at said office until 10 a. m., August 14, 1917, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, and contract awarded as soon thereafter as possible, for the reconstruction of 2,454 linear feet of vitrified Block pavement, 16 feet and 20 feet wide, situate in Bellefonte Borough, Centre County, State-aid Application No. 456. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of State Highway Department, Harrisburg, 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 904 Hartje Building, Pittsburgh, and Temple Court Building, Bellefonte, Pa. Full particulars and information on application to Frank B. Black, State Highway Commissioner.

HAVE YOU A

Horse, Cow, Sheep or Hog?

If so, take care of them. There is nothing better to keep them in good condition than

Green's Condition Powder

Full Pound 35 cents.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Howard, Centre County, Pa., consisting of two purparts, bounded and described as follows:

No. 1. Beginning at a point formerly White Oak stump, thence by land formerly of N. P. Riddle, thence South 29½ degrees East 41.3 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of Hon. William Allison North 59 degrees East 11.7 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of William Leathers North 29½ degrees West 40.3 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of A. S. Tipton South 64 degrees West 11.7 perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres net.

No. 2. Beginning at stones thence along public street North 43¼ degrees East 165 feet to stone, thence along land formerly of Absalem Tipton estate South 29½ degress East 54 feet to stones, thence along Tract No. 1 above described South 62 degrees West 198 feet to the place of beginning. Said two purparts being one contiguous property and having thereon erected dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of Mrs. John Earle, Admrx. of Mrs. Wm. Rimert (Jane Rimert) and Wm. Rimert.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 12, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917

at 1.30 P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Milesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the East side of the Bellefonte and Philipsburg Turnpike at the line of L. T. Eddy, thence extending along said Turnpike North 48 feet to lot of William Miles; thence East 200 feet, thence South 48 feet to lot L. T. Eddy; thence West 200 feet to the place of beginning. Having theron erected a two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of William H. Smith, A. Frank Smith, Lee R. Smith, Claude W. Smith and Alfred Smith, being all the heirs and legal representatives of Alfred S. Smith, late of the Borough of Milesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, defendants and real owners, and all terre tenants, if any there be.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
July 9th, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of several writs of FieriFacias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917

at 1:30 P. M. the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Milesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: bounded on the South and East by an alley, on the North by lot of George Carson, and on the West by Turnpike Street, fronting eighty-five(85) feet on Turnpike Street and extending on said alley, being known as the Tannery lot. Being the same premises which Robert Shirk's executors, by their deed dated October 5, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 61, page 231, granted and conveyed to the said William H. Smith. And having thereon erected a frame stable.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Smith, A. F. Smith, Lee R. Smith and Clair W Smith.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte., Pa.
July 9, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Alice Marie McDonald vs. Chester H. McDonald. In The Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 47 February Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Chester H. McDonald:—

Whereas your wife Alice Marie McDonald, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 47 February Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Alice Marie McDonald, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice Marie McDonald should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Lucetta Pease McCullough vs. Edward B. McCullough. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No 8 May Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Edward B. McCullough:—

Whereas your wife Lucetta Pease McCullough, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No.8 May Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Lucette Pease McCullough, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucetta McCullough should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN E. DUBBS,
W. Harrison Walker, Executor,
Attorney for the Estate Bellefonte, Pa.
Bellefonte, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rachael M. Stine.

Letters of administration on the estate of Rachael M. Stine, deceased, late of Bellefonte Borough, Centre County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to Harry Keller, Esq., Bellefonte, Pa.

HARRY KELLER, C. T. A.
Administrator.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Scotch Collie having white feet. Tag No. is 3383. A reward will be given for his return. Address James Bilger, Pleasant Gap.

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and dime. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today, GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

The Envelope of Fate

PLAYED A PART IN THE ROMANCE OF A SCENARIO WRITER

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Miss Charlotte Blake took one glance at the long yellow envelope thrice returned, then violently tossed it across the room. "Charlie" Blake she had been called at college, and the masculine name had clung, seeming to express better the girl's daring, adventurous spirit.

Now that college was a thing of the past an occasional classmate, meeting Miss Blake upon the street, would continue to greet her as "Charlie." So she had signed the familiar name to that fatal manuscript. "Selfish animals," Charlie dubbed absent scenario readers in general; "they won't even take time to read the thing through." Rescuing the discarded envelope, she hastily drew forth its contents. "Just as I thought," she murmured disgustedly—"the marker has not been disturbed."

It was a good story; Charlie was sure of that. She had but to close her eyes to be thrilled in fancy by the last great scene of her play; she could picture the beautiful face of her favorite movie actress raised appealingly to that of the villain. But how could one impress a stubborn scenario reader who refused to look at one's work?

"If I could only make him read it," she thought desperately, and then Charlie jumped to her feet. "I'll do it," she laughed back at her own reflected face as she pinned on her hat. "I will take the play to the man myself."

Her sudden elation vanished as she waited in an anteroom for permission to be ushered into the busy man's presence. Also with that enthusiasm went some of her bright confidence. But one purpose still remained—Charlie would do her best to make the man read the thing through. Perhaps he would allow her to read it. She alone knew how to express the proper lights and shadings.

"You next," announced a grinning office boy, and Miss Blake passed inside. The frowning scenario reader seated before a typing machine, swung around forbiddingly.

"Good afternoon," he said and waited.

Charlie came forward. "I am going to ask a few moments of your time," she began pleasantly, "to present a photoplay of my own."

The man glanced suggestively at a small clock. "If you will just leave it," he said, but his tone was less curt.

"Three times," she complained, "you have sent it back unread. I know because of a secret marker." Suddenly her own infectious smile dimpled Charlie's face. "Now," she asked, "how can I trust you?"

For the first time the absent eyes of the scenario reader seemed to see the girl before him. Visibly his frown faded in face of her contagious good humor. Almost apologetically he motioned toward a pile of unopened envelopes.

"All those to go through every day!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes we can't quite make it."

On the top of the pile Charlie placed her own offering. "But you will at least read mine," she insisted. "Please promise!"

The man's face lost its tired look and an unexpected smile answered hers. He arose as she turned to leave

"IT'S HERE NOW," SHE SUGGESTED.

"I promise," he said. Nor did the writer return immediately to his waiting task. With an unusual impulse he walked to a window commanding a view of the street. Again he smiled amusedly as the girl's graceful figure could be seen emerging from the entrance of the building.

"Three times," muttered the man and began a fumbling search through the first pile of envelopes on his desk. "Better keep that promise now I have ever."

And to Charlie, waiting in a fever of hopeful impatience, the promise seemed long delayed. At last, however, the postman came slowly up the steps, and she rushed to answer his ring.

For a full moment the rose color left the girl's eager face. A long yellow envelope was placed in her hand. And he had appeared so intelligent, that scenario reader, so kind. In the story's return lay not all the man's perfidy, for it had again been sent back unread. The secret marker told the tale.

Two very real and big tears overflowed the dark eyes and splashed upon her hands. Charlie viewed them contemptuously. "I had so counted upon that reading," she murmured. Then she sighed resignedly and reached for her hat. "A promise is a promise," she told herself decidedly, "and if a man can't be trusted to keep one he must be made to do it."

If Charlie had been swinging along the campus instead of down a proper city street she would have whistled cheerily in her undaunted courage. Now she smiled as she hurried along at thought of this persistent "bearding of the scenario reader in his den." How would he greet her? For at the back of Charlie's brain was a strange assurance of not having been forgotten. When he had read her wonderful story he would justify in his own mind her persistence.

The whistles blowing out the noon hour reminded her apprehensively that the editor might leave at this time for luncheon. A wait in his office would be discouraging. Charlie crushed on through the snow. Deep it lay all around her, great drifts, which the sweeper had not yet been able to remove. Then all at once in her headlong rush Charlie collided with a masculine figure. She had one startled glimpse of the man's hand reaching frantically for his dislodged eyeglasses and another glimpse of those same glasses disappearing with a mysterious finality into a drift of wayside snow.

Blinking dazedly, her victim turned upon her. "I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Could you locate my glasses, which have just fallen? I am as blind as a bat without them."

Charlie blinked, too, for the victim turned out most surprisingly to be that difficult and stubborn reader of plays. It was evident in his present predicament that the man had not recognized her.

"I will be grateful," he went on more easily, "if you can find them for me."

Charlie looked over the road, with its rushing autos and crowded traffic, which the man evidently intended to cross. Then she made her sudden resolve.

"I could get them for you," she answered slowly. "I distinctly saw where they fell. The glasses went directly to the bottom of the drift without leaving a sign above."

"Will you?" asked the man. He waited perplexedly. "Or perhaps," he continued as she made no response, "one of the men about might shovel through the drift."

Miss Blake shook her head. "They would be sure to break the glasses," she said.

"I couldn't risk that," grumbled the man. "I'm in a dev—excuse me—very great hurry. Most important work must be done before I could have time to look up new glasses, reading work!" he exclaimed conclusively.

"I know," Charlie replied. "You are a judge of photoplays. I called about one of mine which you had returned three times. You gave your promise to read it"—she paused impressively—"and again sent it back unread."

The man peered closely into her face. "I thought I recalled your voice," he said. "You are"—

"Miss Blake," answered the girl.

He shook his head despairingly. "If I could only see you. But I remember the circumstance now. Your manuscript was not to be found when I searched among the papers. It was regrettable."

Hastily Charlie drew the offending yellow envelope from her muff. "It's here now," she suggested.

"And I can't see," complained the man.

"If you could?" she asked him.

"I'd read it first thing I got back to the office," he told her. Then, standing there between the great drifts of snow, they looked at each other and laughed.

Instantly Charlie was down upon her knees, one cloaked arm thrust to the shoulder into the icy depths. A moment more and she held up to him, gleaming, intact, the valued glasses. Through them presently his own twinkling eyes answered the challenge of hers.

"The manuscript, please," he requested crisply. A moment longer he waited to glance at the title page and her neatly typed signature. "Charlie Blake?" he questioned.

"It was the name the girls gave me at school," she explained. "I used it in preference to Charlotte."

Understanding flashed across the man's face. "So that was why I could not locate the manuscript," he said. "I was looking for a more ladylike nom de plume. Not knowing it to be yours, it was sent back unread. Will you forgive me"—suddenly he held out his hand—"and accept my grateful thanks for your service?"

"It was I who knocked your glasses off," Charlie reminded him.

"You saved my life," the man insisted. "Why, I've a scenario to get out before 2."

It was she now who stood watching his departure. Had his own heroes upon the screen, she wondered, as fine and straight a figure, as true and frank a face? Charlie was glad as she walked thoughtfully homeward that he had not broken his promise after all. And a reminiscent smile lingered upon the man's face as the elevator bore him upward.

"You're late," said Billy, the office boy. The scenario writer still smiled.

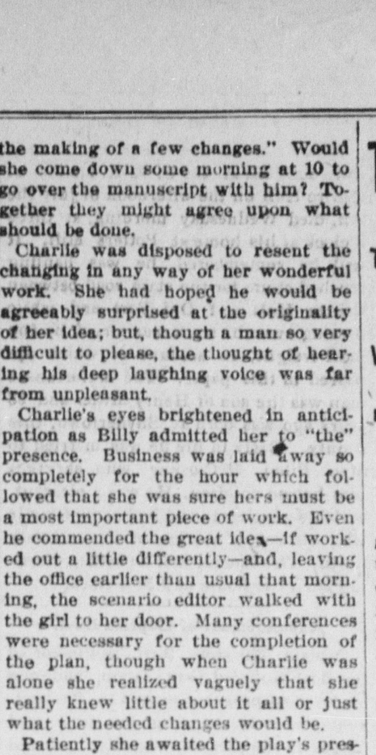
"Yes," he replied; "I met with a—holdup."

A few days later his letter came to her. "The play might be acceptable," he announced noncommittally, "with the making of a few changes." Would she come down some morning at 10 to go over the manuscript with him? Together they might agree upon what should be done.

Charlie was disposed to resent the changing in any way of her wonderful work. She had hoped he would be agreeably surprised at the originality of her idea; but, though a man so very difficult to please, the thought of hearing his deep laughing voice was far from unpleasant.

Charlie's eyes brightened in anticipation as Billy admitted her to "the" presence. Business was laid away so completely for the hour which followed that she was sure hers must be a most important piece of work. Even he commended the great idea—if worked out a little differently—and, leaving the office earlier than usual that morning, the scenario editor walked with the girl to her door. Many conferences were necessary for the completion of the plan, though when Charlie was alone she realized vaguely that she really knew little about it all or just what the needed changes would be.

Patiently she awaited the play's presentation, though that great triumph now seemed lost in the new found joy of the present. Truly the yellow envelope itself had been an instrument of fate in leading her to the man's pres-



"WHY, DON'T YOU SEE, I MUST HAVE YOU!"

ence; even the eyeglasses tossed into the snow had played their part in fate's golden chain. Perhaps her ability as a writer had first gained his interest—Charlie could not tell—but she was henceforth determined to show him to what heights she could aspire. "Playwriting would be her career, and he"—

Between hope and despair the man worked over other imaginary love affairs, while Charlie's wilfull, haunting face laughed at him from the pages, so completely she dominated him. And after the play had been produced would he dare to ask the one question which trembled constantly upon his lips when she was near? For the play was so palpably not her own, enlarged, built upon in every way to be made "possible," Charlie's poor little idea had been lost in the process. This play was her world, or so he thought. Would she ever forgive him? And at last came the eventful night of its production.

Seated by the side of the man who was responsible for her triumph, Charlie watched the unfamiliar scenes in breathless interest and found it no triumph at all. This was not her play, these people portraying their parts not the cherished people of her imagination.

In silent trepidation her companion regarded her disappointed face. When they left the little theater Charlie spoke.

"I suppose," she said quietly, "that you consider my work a failure, but I shall write and devote myself to writing until I prove your opinion wrong."

In passionate entreaty the words long withheld fell from the man's lips. "Oh, I love you—love you," he said. "Care for me a little, give yourself to me, let me work, let me write for us both."

Resolutely the girl turned aside. "I must succeed in my career," she answered coldly.

During the days which followed Billy watched his employer anxiously. "The boss is dopy," he remarked.

For long moments the scenario editor would sit with unseeing eyes fixed upon space, his temper becoming annoyingly uncertain. Then one never to be forgotten sunshiny morning a long absent visitor stepped from the elevator.

"Is he in?" she asked the boy.

"Sure, Miss Blake," answered Billy.

Unannounced Charlie entered the office. Half unbelieving, the man arose from his chair.

"I have come"— she began.

"To take back what you said," the man interrupted. "Tell me, Charlie, dearest, that you will give up your writing, your success, for my sake."

"No," answered the girl, "not quite that, I think." She laughed softly. "But as it seems you only can make my writing successful, why, don't you see I must have you."

Billy, looking into the room, very discreetly closed the door. "Better not go in," he advised a would be visitor. "Boss is busy directing one of them 'sure thing' love scenes."

Sporty.

Abe—Did you get the opera score?

Pandowa—Yeah; they were tied in the last minute of the play.—Chaparral.

THE FOOD PROBLEM

This Country Pays a Big Price For Its Reckless Habits.

WANTON WASTE IN OUR HOMES

Each Year $700,000,000 In Good Eatables Is Flung Into Garbage Pails or Is Destroyed In Cooking or Allowed to Spoil.

Good food heedlessly thrown into garbage pails, food allowed to spoil in the household, food ruined by improper cooking and food destroyed by rats, mice and insects constitute the heavy items in the $700,000,000 annual waste of food in homes in the United States.

Seven hundred million dollars is considered to be a conservative figure by the secretary of agriculture. In household waste, of course, are not included the vast losses of food allowed under improper handling or insufficient marketing methods to spoil in transit or in the hands of producers or dealers.

Much of this $700,000,000 household waste of food, the dietary specialists of the department declare, is easily preventable. This preventable waste consists in large part of the following items:

Edible food thrown into the garbage pail or into the kitchen sink. Much of the food is thrown out, the specialists say, because so many people do not know how to utilize leftovers or will not take the trouble to keep and prepare them. The specialists point out:

Leftover cereals can be reheated or combined with fruits, meats or vegetables into appetizing side dishes, and even a spoonful of cereal is worth saving as a thickener of soups, gravies and sauces.

Stale bread can be utilized in a variety of ways in combination with vegetables and meats and in preparing hot breads and puddings.

Skimmilk, too widely looked down upon as a food, although it contains practically all the nourishing elements of whole milk with the exception of the cream or fat, can be used as a beverage in cooking cereals or as a basis for milk soups or sauces.

Sour milk, so largely thrown away, can be used in making hot breads or in the home manufacture of cottage cheese.

Every scrap of meat or fish can be combined with cereals or other foods lacking in pronounced flavor, both to give flavor and to add nourishment to made over dishes. Every bit of fat or suet trimmed from meat before cooking or tried out in boiling, roasting or broiling can be made useful in cooking. Many butchers, after they have weighed meat and named the price for the cut, trim off valuable suet and fat. This fat, which the housewife pays for, if taken home and used, would reduce expenditures for prepared cooking fats.

Many persons regard the saving of small amounts of leftover food as unimportant. If they kept accurate account, however, the specialists say, many families would be astounded by the amount of good food they are throwing out.

Next comes the spoilage of food due to careless handling and storing in the home. Much milk spoils quickly because it is kept uncovered in warm kitchens. Close observance of the doctrine, "Keep perishable food, especially milk, cool, clean and covered continuously," may make a striking difference in the food bills of many families.

In other cases, one or two vegetables, beets or carrots, for instance, not needed immediately, are thrown out or allowed to spoil instead of being used in soups or combination dishes. Fruits which could be stewed and kept are allowed to spoil.

As to food spoiled by careless cooking, many housewives who complain that children and adults will not eat breakfast cereals fail to realize that the cereals they serve are undercooked, scorched or improperly seasoned and thus made unpalatable. Most of the cheaper foods require careful seasoning and preparation to be fully appetizing.

Waste in preparation is cited. Much useful food gets into the garbage pail because the housewife in preparing potatoes or other vegetables and fruit, such as apples, cuts off with the skin a considerable percentage of edible material.

Many persons are unaware that the green and tender tops of many vegetables, which contain valuable mineral and other food substances, are excellent cooked as greens or even as additions to salads.

The over generous serving of food is held responsible for waste. Many families take pride in serving lavish and overbountiful meals. Such meals lead not only to waste of food on the table, but to overeating, which often impairs health and efficiency.

The sane standard, "Eat enough food and no more," rigidly followed, would reduce greatly food bills in many homes and at the same time tend to improve the physical condition of all members of the household.—United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

The True and the False.

The president of a bank when asked by a young clerk how he could distinguish the counterfeit bills from the good said, "Get familiar with the good bills and you will recognize the bad bills at sight." Here is a vast volume of general wisdom summed up in a single sentence.—Christian Herald.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—Trench.

GRUMBLING IN THE GLOOM.

Try to Forget Your Aches and Pains and the Bad Weather.

It was a wise old wit who remarked that if talk about our aches and pains were suppressed a third of the conversation of civilized life would cease. If to this interdicted subject were added that of unsatisfactory weather another third would be chopped off.

It is amazing to hear humanity devoting so much of the brief time allotted us here to painfully detailed diagnoses of our headaches, backaches, stomach aches and innumerable other miseries.

The comical part of it lies in the solemn patience with which each listens to the other. He or she knows, however, that his or her turn comes next, and the luxury of unloading sickening accounts of sickness will be indulged.

Many of us are not miserable enough with the pains of the present, but must treasure up the pains of the past as constantly accumulating reservoirs of misery and borrow them of the future as a debt under which to groan and grumble.

If we could forget it all and permit others to forget it, throwing open our spiritual side to the boundless blessings offered it, what a universe of joy and cheer and brightness before unseen would lie before us!

It is all a matter of mental turn. We may shut the shades of the windows of our minds on the sunny side and moan in darkness, or we may open the same windows wide and laugh in the sunlight.—Christian Herald.

FORGED ANTIQUES.

Even British Museum Experts Have Been Fooled by Them.

The "antiquity" manufacturer is a man who thrives on expert forgery. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, tapestry—he imitates them all most successfully. Each man has his specialty. One devotes himself to old leather jacks, another produces horn books, a third turns out "medieval" MSS.

The British museum once bought a Palissy plate for $250. While an attendant was handling it one of the seals attached to its back attesting its genuineness became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter.

On other occasions terra cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the institution for hundreds of pounds, have been discovered to be composed of modern clay.

A good story is told of a forged silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This ancient cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon. But in the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The exhibition of the cup was received with shouts of laughter.—London Standard.

Effect of Bad Teeth.

A paper by a dental surgeon in the Journal of the American Medical association, tells the story of bad teeth and the effects on the laboring man's efficiency. The dentist said he made 30,000 examinations in sixteen months of 17,000 Americans and 13,000 foreigners and found 96 per cent in need of dental service. "In 30,000 mouths," the dentist said, "we find 60,000 cavities and 18,000 extractions necessary, 78,000 in all. If each one causes an average loss, through waste of time and cost to repair, of $2 it means a cost of $156,000. In New York city last year 67,000 children failed to be promoted to higher grades because of defective teeth, and it costs New York city $1,037,806 to duplicate a year's schooling to those who fail."

Digestibility of Cheese.

By experiments on the digestibility of cheese it has been shown that much depends on the special physical characters of the food. All fat cheeses are said to be dissolved and digested with great rapidity, because the molecules of casein—the nitrogenous part of the cheese—are separated only by the fat and so the gastric juice can attack a large surface of the cheese at one time. Whether the cheese be hard or soft does not appear to influence digestion and there is no connection between the digestibility and the percentage of water present in the cheese.

Too Economical.

"The servant that works for me must be very, very economical," said the boarding house mistress to the applicant for work.

"I'm such a one, ma'am," promptly returned the applicant. "Indeed, my last mistress discharged me for being that way."

"For being economical?"

"Yes, with me clothes. I used to wear hers."

Changing the Story.

"Anyhow, we can change the story to our children a little."

"What do you mean?"

"We can tell them that when we were married I was making $75 a week, and we had a mighty hard time of it to get along at that."—Detroit Free Press.

Matrimonial Amenities.

Hub—If I ever get out of matrimony you bet I'll never get in again. Wife—You certainly won't if you depend on a recommendation from me.—Boston Transcript.

Not Stingy.

"If you kiss me I shall call auntie."

"Well, I guess I can spare her a little kiss too."—Kansas City Journal.

TAPS IN THE ARMY

Story of the Bugle Call, "Lights Out," Now In Use.

WAS FIRST SOUNDED IN 1862.

General Butterfield Composed the Melodious Strain, Which Quickly Supplanted the Old and Unmusical West Point Signal.

In a book of personal letters and memorials printed for circulation among his friends Oliver W. Norton, a veteran of the war between the states, who at the beginning of his military career was brigade bugler to General Daniel Butterfield's command, included a bit of historical information that is of too wide an interest to be allowed to remain in such comparative obscurity, says the Youth's Companion.

General Butterfield had ability as a musician in addition to his ability as an army organizer. He especially delighted in the invention of bugle calls.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of these calls is taps, which, according to the authoritative story of the general's bugler, came into existence in the following manner:

In the month of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac rested in camp at Harrison's Landing, a point on the James river in Virginia. It was immediately after the seven days of fighting before Richmond. The losses had been heavy, and the army was recruiting its strength after the long struggle.

Day and night the long, winding valley and the hills on either side echoed to the bugle calls that marked the rhythm of the camp life. The scene was more of peace than war in spite of military duties and trappings. The many vacant places in the ranks, to which the new army had not yet become accustomed, and the sobering sense of a long impending struggle that was born of the early reverses from which they had just suffered put the soldiers at the close of each day into a state of meditation not untouched with sadness.

The old order of "lights out," which had been inherited from the earliest West Point memories, sounded a discordant and unsuitable note to the sensitive musical ear of the general.

He immediately began turning over in his mind such musical phrases as seemed to him to convey the suggestion of the peace and quiet of the camp—of rest after labor. Perhaps the spirit of the hour in which that immortal musical phrase was born might be more perfectly expressed as a sense of pause, something related to the words of Shelley:

All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That stills the birds when the storm's portentous pause.

Having settled upon a combination of notes that seemed to him to be in tune with the sentiment of a sleeping camp of soldiers, he summoned his bugler, Norton, and began to teach him the new call, whistling the notes over many times and correcting their time and phrasing. At last, satisfied with the result, he jotted the notes down with a pencil on the back of an old envelope.

That same night Butterfield's own brigade was the first to listen to the lingering refrain of the new call, and the next morning the buglers of other camps near by—for its music had carried far among the hills—began to inquire as to its meaning and to ask permission to learn it. Wherever it was heard it arrested immediate attention and lingered in the memory. It passed from army corps to army corps with great rapidity and was finally substituted by general orders for the old "lights out" call and printed in the army regulations.

Its use in the military burial service both by veterans of the war and by the United States regular army has added greatly to the tenderness of its associations. There are few musical phrases in the world held in deeper reverence. Its sounding today will hush the noisiest and most boisterous throng.

General Daniel Butterfield was born in Utica, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1831. He was graduated from Union college in 1849 and joined the Seventy-first regiment of New York in 1851. In 1860 he had risen to the rank of colonel of the Twelfth regiment, which he led to Washington in April, 1861.

For his efficiency as an organizer he was rapidly promoted and took part in many of the most important engagements of the war. His brigade was one of the most famous of the Army of the Potomac, and his personal bravery endeared him to his own soldiers. After the war his organizing powers were frequently called into requisition for great public parades and exhibitions. He died at Cold Spring, N. Y., July 17, 1901.

After the war Oliver Norton lived in Chicago, where he was one of the pioneers in the tin plate industry.

Poison Ivy.

Folk who are interested in gardening are often troubled with poison ivy. They will be glad to know that soft milk mixed with a great deal of salt will, if it is applied with soft cloths, relieve the pain and draw out the poison. A solution of very hot water which has been poured over bluestone will also draw out and kill the poison. Bluestone, however, is a poison and should be kept away from children.—Christian Herald.

Some who can be very voluble in meeting would hesitate to open their books to the Lord.—Christian Herald.

BUYING OUR BONDS

Registered and Coupon Securities of the United States.

HOW THE TWO ISSUES DIFFER.

A Registered Bond Lost or Stolen Is Still Absolutely Safe For Its Legitimate Owner, While Losing a Coupon Bond Is Like Losing Money.

When an investor buys a United States bond he buys what is called either a registered or a coupon security. The "bloated" capitalist is usually pictured as occupying much of his time in "cutting coupons," a task the very notion of which intrigues the imagination of the poor chap who writes about the doings of multimillionaires. And yet—and though it be to destroy so well accepted a tradition—the fact is that the "predatory plute" rarely clips a coupon. He prefers registered bonds for the commonplace reason that they are safer.

The government issues, let us say, a bond bearing coupons. It is forwarded to John Smith, the purchaser, who signs a receipt for it. But suppose that Smith mislays or loses the bond or suppose that it is stolen from him, it is just as negotiable as a $500 note and he is that much money "out."

But if the bond is registered the case is quite different. Suppose that it is lost or stolen. The thief or the finder cannot sell it or collect the interest on it when interest is due. That bond is recorded in a book in the treasury department as the property of John Smith. To him alone can principal or interest be paid unless he transfers the bond to somebody else, in which case the transfer is recorded in the book.

Hence, obviously, it is much safer for any one who subscribes to a government loan to ask for registered bonds. He will then have a separate account kept for him at the treasury, in which every payment made to him will be set down. If his bonds are mislaid or lost he need only notify the treasury in order to be sure that nobody else shall collect the money to which he is entitled. The missing securities will be replaced when he has fulfilled certain formalities.

Interest checks for bonds are mailed quarterly. On being returned through the banks canceled they are not destroyed, but are carefully preserved in the treasury. So excellent is the system adopted that reference can be made to any such check in case of dispute as to payment, no matter how ancient its date, at a minute's notice. The signature of the payee on the back settles the question. All bonds issued since 1880 are likewise kept in storage. Heirs to estates in litigation sometimes wish to refer to them.

The patriotic person who decides to help Uncle Sam by lending him money may have the additional satisfaction of knowing that there is no security in the world so absolutely safe as our government bonds. Nothing short of the disruption of this great republic could cause them to lose even a fraction of their negotiable value. If you have such a bond you can convert it into cash offhand at any bank.

One can hardly conceive of a more comfortable form of wealth than United States registered bonds. You have your name down in the treasury books with, let us say, the magic figures $100,000 attached to it. Every quarter (if the interest is 3 per cent) you receive a check for $750. It is enough to live on, modestly. Hard times may bother other folks, but they do not disturb you. The H. C. of L. becomes to a great extent an academic proposition.

Very rich people own the bulk of the registered bonds, which run up as high as $50,000 each. A piece of printed paper two feet long will represent that sum. It is a fortune which may be folded up and put away in your card case. You cannot possibly lose it. If anybody steals it Uncle Sam will replace it.

The paper used for bonds is of a special and distinctive kind, with two bands of red and blue fiber running through every sheet. It is almost all linen, but contains some cotton, so as not to be too hard. The linen rags used for "stock" are carefully selected, cleaned, boiled and pulped—even the water for the pulp being filtered to insure its purity.

Uncle Sam owes a lot of money to holders of bonds long ago called in—people, that is to say, who through negligence or for other reasons have never asked for what was due them. Every now and then some of these old bonds turn up; likewise back number interest checks, which folks have a way of hoarding. People are constantly changing their addresses, and often it happens that track is lost for awhile of an individual bondholder. Under such circumstances the interest checks are retained by the treasury, and in the course of time they pile up. They are kept for an indefinite period and, like the unpaid bonds, are good forever.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Letters of Introduction.

Letters of introduction should not be worded in too complimentary or highly flattering terms. As they are left unsealed and delivered in person it is embarrassing for the caller to deliver them. The letter should simply introduce the bearer, state that he is a friend and that any courtesy or entertainment shown him will be greatly appreciated.

"The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion is the memory of past folly."—Coleridge.

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The Result of Wasting Only One a Day In Every Home.

A single slice of bread seems an unimportant thing. In many households one or more slices of bread daily are thrown away and not used for human food. Sometimes stale quarter or half loaves are thrown out.

Yet one good sized slice of bread, such as a child likes to cut—weighs an ounce. It contains almost three-fourths of an ounce of flour.

If every one of the country's 20,000,000 homes wastes on the average only one slice of bread a day the country is throwing away daily over 14,000,000 ounces of flour—over 875,000 pounds, or enough flour for over a million one-pound loaves a day. For a full year at this rate there would be a waste of over 319,000,000 pounds of flour—1,500,000 barrels of flour—enough to make 365,000,000 loaves.

As it takes four and one-half bushels of wheat to make a barrel of ordinary flour, this waste would represent the flour from over 7,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Fourteen and nine-tenths bushels of wheat on the average are raised per acre. It would take the fruit of some 470,000 acres just to provide a single slice of bread to be wasted daily in every home.

To produce this much flour calls for an army of farmers, railway men and flour mill people. To get the flour to the consumer calls for many freight cars and the use of many tons of coal.

But, some one says, a full slice of bread is not wasted in every home. Very well. Make it a daily slice for every four or even ten or every thirty homes, make a weekly or monthly slice in every home or make the wasted slice thinner. The waste of flour involved is still appalling, altogether too great to be tolerated when wheat is scarce.

Any waste of bread is inexcusable when there are so many ways of using stale bread to cook delicious dishes.—Cleveland Leader.

LIFTING HEAVY WEIGHTS.

How to Work Without Straining the Muscles of the Back.

During housecleaning season it is not uncommon to hear many complaints of backache. Oftentimes the muscles of the back have actually been strained from lifting or lugging at heavy rugs, etc., and there is reason for the pain and discomfort manifested. Fortunately there is a way to lift heavy weights without straining the muscles of the back. "A well known metallurgical company," says Popular Mechanics, "has recently issued instructions showing the right and wrong way to lift heavy objects, such as ingots and castings.

"The way which is condemned and which many workmen thoughtlessly follow consists in grasping the load with both hands while stooping over and scarcely bending the legs at all. Lifting in this posture throws most of the weight on the lower part of the back, where the muscles are weakest, and may produce a severe strain or rupture.

"The proper way is to grasp the load after squatting down close to it, so that the knees are drawn well up against the body. Lifting in this manner throws the weight on the thighs and shoulders, which are strong and best suited to the severe stress that comes in raising the body to an erect posture."

Living Music.

To move the body to the rhythm of the universe, andante, presto, fast or slow, keeping the accent steady and sure.

To use the voice in melodious speaking, with kind and gentle words, to stranger or to friend.

In all events of daily life and work to resolve the discords and to blend the moments into one harmonious whole.

A mind to set in form the theme of life, announce the subject clear and true and work it to satisfying close.

To find within the soul the beauty bearing message of the song divine.

This is to set the days to music and to be a symphony.—Evangeline Close in Musician.

For Cleaning Paints.

An easy way to clean paints: Paints in the bathroom or kitchen that have been soiled from smoke or grease can be easily cleaned by heating vinegar, and with the use of a sponge wipe the paints. In order to obtain best results the vinegar should be heated several times during the process. When completed the paints will be thoroughly clean and look like new.

A Point Conceded.

"Your nation hasn't much appreciation of statuary," remarked the critical visitor.

"I said that years ago," replied Grandpa Mint, "when they took the wooden Indian away from in front of the cigar store."—Washington Star.

Deserved Some.

Bibsan Frocks—This cake is awful nice, mamma. (Silence.) This cake is awful nice, mamma.

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; only when the minister says it you always ask him to have more."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hopeful.

"Cheer up!" says a Georgia philosopher. "High prices are sure to come down some time or other, if only to see the place where you buried what they didn't get."—Atlanta Constitution.

History.

History is little more than the register of the crimes, the follies and the misfortunes of mankind.—Gibbon.

BOTH PLAYED FAIR.

Story of a Railroad President and a Labor Leader.

When Matthew C. Brush, president of the Boston Elevated railroad, found his men were getting restless he settled the trouble in characteristic fashion. In the American Magazine Alfred Grunberg says:

"Constant argument did not appeal to Brush. It was not his way of doing business. He buckled up his belt and plunged into the muddle. His first move was to call W. D. Mahon, head of the National Carmen's union, into his office and lock the door.

"'Now, Mahon,' he said, drawing up a chair and leaning forward with his friendly smile, 'we're here in my office. The doors are locked. There are no stenographers concealed anywhere, no dictagraphs, no one to listen. The curtains are drawn. We're here alone. But before we can do anything I've got to know you and you've got to know me. You tell me all about yourself, and I'll tell you who I am and what I've done.'

"And thus the labor leader and the frank, friendly railroad official drew back the curtains of reticence and suspicion and showed each other the goods that were within them. Mahon saw Brush the newsboy and Brush the apprentice as well as Brush the vice president. Brush saw Mahon as a fellow man whose heart was bound up in the welfare of labor.

"'Mahon found out that I was square,' Brush said afterward, 'and I found out that he was square. He was open and honest; so was I. We were both convinced that neither one was trying to play tricks on the other.'

"For nineteen hours the two men behind locked doors, debated the complex problems, each zealous for the interests he represented. At the end of that time the labor leader walked out with a mutual agreement in his hand. Not only was this agreement satisfactory to the company, but unions have called it one of the finest documents of its kind ever drawn up."

LIVE THE CHEERFUL LIFE.

Look on the Bright Side and Enjoy What You Have.

When we are in trouble we are prone to cry out about it, complaining that we are unjustly used, that no one else has suffered as we do. When things go well with us we take it as a matter of course that so it ought to be. We are not largely given to gratitude.

We may have food enough, a comfortable shelter, be clothed comfortably; we may have health and employment in such labor as we are able and like to perform; we may have a competence which puts us above anxiety—and still we find fault and complain.

Some one may have a better dress, or a handsomer car, or may entertain more elaborately, or is greater in popular favor than ourselves. There is something that does not please us. Instead of being glad that there are so many things to make us happy we complain and find fault. We let a "crumpled rosoleaf" spoil our joy amidst a wealth of things that should make us glad.

Why not set the mind on the good things of life? Ignore the things that are petty and of really small consequence. Cultivate a cheerful habit of mind, looking for all that is good and appreciating the blessings that have fallen to our share.

For every one there is something to enjoy. The sun at least shines for all. When you are heavy hearted count up the good things of life that are yours to enjoy.—Chicago Post.

Retort Caustic.

A tourist was having his boots polished by an Irish shoeblack, and as the latter was administering the finishing touches his patron rudely tossed two coppers on the pavement as a reward. This insult, added to no doubt by the fact that the reward was the mere recognized twopence, caused the shoeblack to exclaim:

"Thank ye, sir. The only polish you have is on your boots, and I gave you that."—London Telegraph.

Just a Mythical Boss.

Secluded in a suburb is a young man contemplating matrimony. Last evening he went to his father for advice.

"Dad," he said, "do you think a man should be the boss of his home?"

"Well," replied dad guardedly, "the husband is credited with being the head of his house, but I've not met a man who had a good recipe for bossing a wife." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rather Unpleasant.

"I won my wife by saving her from drowning."

"Ah, that was romantic!"

"It seemed so once. But now every time I do anything that doesn't suit her she tells me she wishes I had let her drown."—Kansas City Journal.

Setting Her Right.

Freddie had just proposed to Millie.

"No, Freddie," she said, "I cannot marry you. The man who gets me must be a grand man, upright and square."

"My dear girl," said Freddie, "you don't want a man; you want a piano."—Pearson's Weekly.

Spotted Negatives.

Small, irregular shaped, transparent spots in negatives are known as pinholes. These are usually caused by particles of dust resting on the film during development.

Sad Truth.

"Are you economizing over at your house?"

"No. We're simply eating less for the same money."—Washington Star.

NEW MIRACLES OF STEEL.

What the Laboratory Has Done For the Automobile Maker.

Writers of historical fiction perpetuate the notion that the art of the old armorer has perished. And yet in cars sold for only a few hundred dollars axles and crank shafts are to be found infinitely superior in texture to the weapons of famous swordsmiths.

The tales of supple yet tough blades that could be bent into circles without snapping are eclipsed in the less artfully phrased reports of tests conducted with crank shaft steel in the metallurgical laboratory of any large automobile factory.

Could the old swords be twisted through six complete turns before they broke? An axle shaft can be so twisted. What was the tensile strength of the mace that Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard of the Lion Heart wielded? How far, in other words, could it have been stretched lengthwise before it parted? No one knows.

But the automobile metallurgist is sure that it was not the equal in that respect of a modern valve stem—a slim little member that can be extended half its length in a testing machine before it snaps in two.

As soon as the metallurgist discovered that the properties of steel could be subtly changed by the addition of very small quantities of such elements as chromium, carbon, manganese, nickel, tungsten or vanadium—as soon, in other words, as the problem of making the automoble durable and safe had been solved by research—the designer ventured to consider the economics of motoring. Heavy automobiles endure, but they consume much fuel, and they wear out expensive tires very rapidly. Light automobiles are more cheaply maintained. And so new demands were made on the laboratory in the effort to save weight without sacrificing strength or safety.

Is a gear required with teeth on the outside as hard as tool steel and yet with a core that shall be soft and tough, a gear that shall not weigh more than a given number of ounces? The metallurgist is asked not only to discover the formula for a steel out of which a part can be made and which must be examined with the microscope to detect the wear to which it has been subjected after having run 10,000 miles, but also to indicate the methods that must be followed by the furnace men in heat treating the metal.

Without the laboratory the designer would be helpless. There would be little progress from year to year.—Waldemar Kaempffert in Harper's Magazine.

"Clearing the Plate."

Some gray headed men who grew up in New England remember the custom that prevailed in many families of making a boy or girl "clear the plate" or eat what was left at another meal before getting anything else. That was not irrational or cruel. The child was permitted to help himself or herself. If too much was taken the discipline of having to eat it sooner or later was wholesomely educative. We may get back to it. Waste is never justified in prosperous families or other families. It is a big element in giving children an utterly false idea of what makes prosperity, at least in blinding youngsters to the vitalism of thrift on which all accumulation is based.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Always a Fighter.

In "Lloyd George, the Man and His Story," we are told that Lloyd George was a fighter from the beginning and that one of his earliest foes was the Established church. At twenty-five he beat out the clergy in their effort to keep an old Nonconformist father from being buried beside his daughter in the churchyard of a village at the foot of Snowdon. "Take the coffin in by force," said he, "if necessary. If the churchyard gates are locked against you break them down." It was done so, and the chief justice at London upheld the local jury which decided that the action was within rights.

Making a Marine.

It takes longer to make an efficient marine than to make an infantryman. This because the marine is a man of many specialties. He is, of course, in season and out of season, an international policeman. That's his job in time of peace. But when he fares abroad to fight his country's battles he may be called upon to do almost any kind of work. He may be an artilleryman, a signalman, an airman. He may be, and usually is, anything that his country needs at that particular time. And he is trained to meet the emergency.

Lime In the Garden.

Lime will speed up garden crops. It is particularly beneficial on new land. For both flower and vegetable gardens hydrated lime is safest to use. Sprinkle it around the base of the plants and along the rows close to the plants, but not touching them, and work it in the soil.—New York Sun.

Success.

"My first rich patient was the making of me," confessed the doctor.

"Did you make a marvelous cure?"

"Oh, no. But I got enough money to move into a fashionable neighborhood, and then I called myself a specialist."—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Be Fully Covered.

Man—No; I am carrying all the life insurance I want. Persistent Agent—I notice you have a wooden leg. How about fire insurance?—Boston Transcript.

Men are sent into the world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent.—Walpole.

Advertise in "The Republican"

16-DAY Seashore Excursion

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Cape May, Wildwood

Ocean City, Sea Isle City and Other Resorts

SATURDAYS

July 14, 28, Aug. 11, 25, and Sept. 1

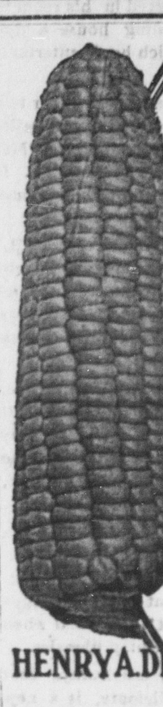
$8.50 From Bellefonte

25 cents additional to Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge Route.

For details as to time of trains or stop-over privileges, see Flyers, consult Agents.

Annual Asbury Park-Ocean Grove Excursion August 23

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts, 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

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A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Believe that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 travel policy at $12.00 per year.

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Do not fail to help in this great work.

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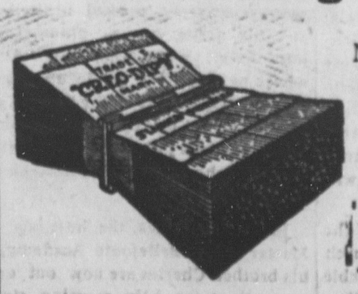

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Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Delicious Chocolates at Green's.

Ellis Harvey, of Orviston, was a visitor in Bellefonte Wednesday.

Mrs. Benjamin Shaffer, of Huntingdon, is visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Sarah Shuey, of Williamsport, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey.

We sell shoes, and we sell them cheaper than any other store in Centre county. Cohen & Co.

James Swabb, one of the enterprising farmers, of near Linden Hall, was among the visitors in Bellefonte Friday.

Miss Anna Wilson, of Altoona, spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yeager, on north Spring street.

W. S. Furst, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday morning and became a guest at the Furst residence on west Linn street.

Beginning with next Sunday, the evening services will be omitted in St. John's Reformed church Bellefonte, until the first Sunday in September.

Augustus Glinz, proprietor of the Garman House, and his son Lloyd, left Tuesday morning for New York City, where they will visit friends for about one week.

Wednesday the Presbyterians of this place spent the day picnicking at Hecla park. It is one of the beauty spots in Centre county and everybody enjoyed the day's outing.

Robert Miller left Bellefonte Monday morning for Youngstown, Ohio, to spend a week or more with his daughter whose husband is a contractor and is moving from place to place.

Wagner Geiss and his son, David, left Tuesday for Altoona, where on Wednesday he assisted William Larimer in disposing of the contents of a large livery stable at public sale.

Friday afternoon County Commissioner Isaac Miller returned from Pottstown where he had been visiting friends On his way back he stopped off at Mifflinburg to see his brother and other friends.

Miss Lucy Miller, one of the obliging telephone operators in the Commercial Exchange, and her sister Miss Jeanette Miller, left last Friday for Williamsport where they visited with friends for several days.

Miss Bettie Heinle, daughter of the late Hon. W. C. Heinle, who holds a position in New York City, is spending her vacation in Bellefonte as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Kelly, on east Bishop street.

Thursday morning Mrs. John I. Olewine, Adaline Olewine and Harris Olewine left in their touring car for Atlantic City where they will spend some time in observing the many sights and bathing in the deep, blue ocean.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity: 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon. 7.30 p. m. Evensong. Wednesday, July 25th, St. James' Day, 10 a. m. Holy Eucharist. Visitors welcome. Rev. M. DeP. Maynary, rector.

Willard Hall and wife, of Harrisburg, are visitors at the home of Mrs. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Spigelmyer, on Howard street. Mr. Hall has a good position at Harrisburg and has filled in the niche so perfectly that his salary has been raised once or twice. He is here on his vacation.

Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, James H. Potter, Frank Crawford and J. E. LaBarre, of Bellefonte, spent last week with the Boy Scouts in the Seven mountains, near the famous "Pat" Gherrity home. They had a fine time and returned feeling much improved both in body and spirit. During the week they dined on fish caught in the stream.

Prof. A. B. Orr, who had been at the head of the public schools at Snow Shoe for several years, has resigned his position and will take up work in another part of the State. He has proven a very efficient instructor and is highly respected by the community in general. He also at one time owned and published a Pittsburgh suburban paper and is an interesting writer whose items each week in The Republican, from Snow Shoe, were very much enjoyed.

A card Tuesday from Howard Thompson, of Bellefonte, manager of the State-Centre Electric Co., gives the information that he and A. J. Musser, of Clearfield, are in Boston, Mass. They are traveling in Mr. Thompson's Franklin car. They are accompanied by their wives. Mary Alice Thompson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stiles in Scranton and on their way home her parents will accompany them.

Last Friday afternoon the ladies of the Bellefonte St. John's Reformed church held their "Thimble Bee" at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Miller, at Hublersburg. Five automobiles were required to transport the forty guests. During the afternoon the ladies had social time, while their main object was to sew for the Red Cross Society. A bountiful repast was served and they were so delightfully treated that it was a difficult for them to say good-bye. This was one of the best attended and most successful meetings of the kind held this season.

Rexall "Skeeter-Skoot," 10 and 25c, at Green's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson spent Sunday with friends in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Derr, of Tyrone, spent Sunday in Snow Shoe as guests of friends.

Mrs. William Resides was in Tyrone Sunday as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. D. Hastings.

Men! Talk suits to us. We'll save you money. Prices range from $10 to $17. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. George Gregg, of Johnstown, and Miss Tryphena Tallhelm, of Julian, spent last Saturday with Bellefonte friends.

Miss Eleanor Parker, daughter of conductor Ross Parker, left Bellefonte Tuesday morning to visit friends in Clearfield.

Mrs. Rishel and her son, of Glen Iron, spent Sunday in Bellefonte at the home of her uncle, County Commissioner Isaac Miller.

Fred Crafts has placed in his room in Mrs. Tanner's boarding house a fine piano player with which he is entertaining his friends.

Mrs. M. Ward Fleming and her two children, who had been visiting in Bellefonte for two weeks at the home of Mr. Fleming's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Fleming, have returned to their home in Philipsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hanna Mrs. A. L. Russell, and Mr. Johnston and daughter, all of Lock Haven, motored to Bellefonte Sunday and spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartley on Lamb street.

Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson, her niece, Mrs. McNiell, of Haddonfield. N. J., left Bellefonte for Atlantic City Tuesday morning. Miss Emily Valentine, who had been visiting here, left with them, her destination being Cape May.

Harry Walkey, of Bellefonte, is developing into an Andrew Carnegie. Recently he donated an organ to the Sunday school at Advent church, Boggs township. He has not determined when he will start out establishing libraries.

The Philipsburg Journal says that Budd Grimes, of Bellefonte, is a new artist at Jesse Small's tonsorial parlor. Mr. Grimes is not only a good barber, but a clever gentleman, and Jesse is to be congratulated in securing his services.

John Eckel, who for several years had been in the butchering business at Pleasant Gap, has decided to stop and it is probable that he may land in Greensburg, near Pittsburgh. He has a good offer there and he will fill the bill all right.

Harry Valentine is superintending the taking up of the rails on the Nittany Valley railroad which has been purchased by a firm in Altoona. Here was a gold mine at the very door of some of our local capitalists and they failed to see it.

Mrs. Florence Jacobs, of Bellefonte left Monday afternoon for Julian, to visit her friend Miss Tryphena Tallhelm, for a week or ten days. Before returning home she will go to Altoona, for a short visit with her cousin, William Confer, and family.

Abe Long, of Bellefonte, who is recruiting for the United States Navy, left Bellefonte Monday evening with Ora Seely, John Klinger and John McNichols. They took their examination in Williamsport and will act in the capacity of firemen on ships.

Sunday word was received in Bellefonte stating that Charles Rapp was seriously ill in the St. Francis hospital, New York. Monday morning his daughter, Miss Frances Rapp and his sister, Miss Regena Rapp, left for his bedside. He had been working in that city and boarding at the home of his aunts, Miss Mary Rapp and Mrs. Arthur Brown. His ailment is stomach trouble.

Lawrence Wian, who had been a guest of his brother, James Wian, left Bellefonte Saturday with his son for Williamsport where they will remain indefinitely. Two years ago he suffered from a stroke of paralysis and since then has been seeking relief in different sections of the country. His son has also been in ill health and has been traveling with him. They recently came from Colorado Springs.

This week George Kauffman, of Altoona, arrives at the age limit when he will be placed on the retired list of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. He, for a number of years, worked in Bellefonte at his trade as a plumber. He left here and went to Altoona where he secured a job in the railroad shops. His friends are going to get a brass band out for the occasion and the result will be a jolly time. His wife is a sister of John Love who resides on Reynolds' avenue.

James R. Hughes, the hustling Head Master of the Bellefonte Academy, and his brother Charles are now out on the war path engaged in securing students for the coming school term. They are in competition with quite a number of other prep schools in the country which makes it a proposition that requires tact and ability of persuasion, both of which these gentlemen possess in a large measure. Then too, they have the goods, as there are few places of learning in the United States that can hold such the advantages for a thorough academic education.

Picnic Stoves at Green's.

There was no meeting of the Bellefonte Council Monday evening.

The busiest department in Bellefonte is the Cut Price Grocery department of Cohen & Co.

Mrs. James Burns, of Snow Shoe, spent several days of this week with her friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Helen Love left last week for Lewistown where she will visit with friends for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Arthur Sloop and two children left Bellefonte Monday afternoon for Danville where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Haag and little son, who had been visiting friends in Bellefonte, left for their home in Tyrone, Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Morris and two children departed last week for Kennebunkport, Maine, to visit with her mother for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Grace Blackford, of New Castle, who had been visiting Mrs. Grace Keefer in Bellefonte for two weeks, left for her home Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Jean Malin, of Baltimore, Md. arrived in Bellefonte Friday afternoon to visit at the residence of her uncle, W. L. Malin, on Howard street.

Arthur Dale, son of Clement Dale, who had been in Philadelphia for some time with the object of passing the examination prior to being admitted to practice law, arrived home Monday evening.

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock there will be a flag raising at the United Brethren church on the corner of High and Thomas streets. An appropriate program is being prepared and the public is cordially invited.

Joseph Shope, who had been employed at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight station, Bellefonte, has resigned his position and has gone to Coalport, Pa., where he has secured a job with a coal company at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon and went from here to Zion, where they will make an extended visit with Mr. McEwen's parents. Mr. McEwen is a brother of Mrs. Harry Keeler, of Bellefonte.

We received a postal card Wednesday from Dr. Edward Pennock, formerly druggist in Krumrine's drug store, Bellefonte, and who also clerked a short time in Zeller's drug store. He is now in Ocean City, N. J., and desires to be remembered to his many friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. John Blanchard and children, Evan and Jean, departed last week for Kittery Point, Maine, where they will spend the remainder of the summer. While there Mrs. Blanchard will be present at the wedding of her sister, Miss Isabel Merriman.

Eddie Zimmerman, who for a number of years has been clerk in Weaver Bros. grocery, has resigned and accepted a position with Danenhower & Son, the local wholesale grocers. Saturday's however, he will assist in the store as usual. He is well informed in the grocery business and is a good, competent business man. He went on the road Monday.

Mrs. Newton Showalter and her two children, of Wilkinsburg, arrived in Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. Willard Barnhart, on Howard street. She had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Johnstonbaugh, at Jersey Shore, where her father has been quite ill with heart trouble. She will visit here and at State College and return to Jersey Shore before going home.

"Edgefonte" is the very appropriate name given to the Garman summer resort at Axe Mann. It is being initiated this summer by the members of the Garman families who have been having with them many relatives and friends. This week Ira D. Garman and family, of Philadelphia, Wall Harlane, and family, of Coatesville, arrived in Bellefonte and for the next month will live a retired life amid the cosy and comfortable surroundings.

William T. Kelly the agent at the P. R. R., freight station, Bellefonte, Tuesday morning was engaged in giving the newspapers in Bellefonte documents relative to the latest war movements of the company. Among them was an order issued that on all trains where the cars are insufficient to give everybody a seat the persons riding on a pass must give his seat to the person who has purchased a ticket. This ruling is fair because often on conjested trains some of the passengers are riding on passes and they generally keep their seat and the other person must run his or her risk in getting a seat.

John L. Noll, son of Col. Emanuel Noll, of Bellefonte, who is recognized as one of the most competent instructors in manual training in the State, has completed a little book entitled "The Cardboard Construction System." It is a collection of plates designed to furnish practical and educational instruction of an interesting character to children. He is at the head of the manual training department of the Altoona High school and his book has secured considerable praise and prestege among Pennsylvania educators. The book was set up and printed on presses that compose part of the equipment of the Altoona schools.

Have you tried Green's "Mexican" Sundaes? They are great.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider will arrive home tonight from Atlantic City, where they have been spending the past week.

Sunday Dr. H. W. Tate, the dentist, had a minor operation performed. Tuesday he was back at his chair in Bush Arcade. It is the old story—over! You can't keep a good man down.

Miss Bessie McCafferty who has been in Pittsburgh for the greater part of the winter, arrived in Bellefonte Wednesday night and will open up her home on east Lamb street for the summer.

Mrs. William Dawson, who resides on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte, has been seriously ill. Her condition was such as to cause alarm but today she is somewhat improved.

Dr. Homer W. Tope, one of Philadelphia's foremost orators, will be in Bellefonte Saturday and in the evening at 7.30 he will speak in the diamond. A treat is in store for all those who will take the time to go and hear him. In case the weather is inclement the meeting will be held in the Court House.

Charles Morschbacher, of Bellefonte, is trying to keep abreast of the times. If you go into his restaurant you will find he has introduced the marble top tables which for cleanliness cannot be beaten. The other surroundings are neat and cosy and there is no need of his patrons being served to anything that is not just right.

Dr. Andrew Griest, son of Edward Griest, of Philipsburg, and who is well known in Unionville, recently passed the examination for admission into the surgical department of the United States Army and on Monday received a message from Washington, D. C., to report in that city without delay. His commission to start with will constitute him as first lieutenant. During the past year Dr. Griest has been located in Harrisburg and at the first of the month was elected a resident physician of the Harrisburg hospital.

Robert Meyer, son of ex-County Commissioner, Philip Meyer, of Centre Hall, passed through Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon on his way to Altoona. He is a fireman on the Pittsburgh division of the P. R. R. and was home to see his father who is ill.

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The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

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Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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"But the Money Comes In"

JUST THE SAME!"

Takes more than a compound fracture to put you out of the running, when you've an ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY.

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With $25 or $50 a week for total disability, according to the nature of the accident; and $12.50 or $25 for partial disability. Payable every four weeks.

If you don't think it comes in fine, just ask my wife. She almost went to pieces until I told her I'd had the good sense to

ÆTNA-IZE

We'd have been up against it for fair. You can't hold off the landlord and the grocer and butcher forever, you know. And I'd hate like sin to have the wife try to earn our living.

As it is, we've wanted for nothing, and the ÆTNA paid my surgeon's bill in the bargain. If I'd gone to the hospital, it would have paid the charges for me there.

In fact, I've gotten such big returns that it's almost a shame to tell how little I pay for the policy.

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The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

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